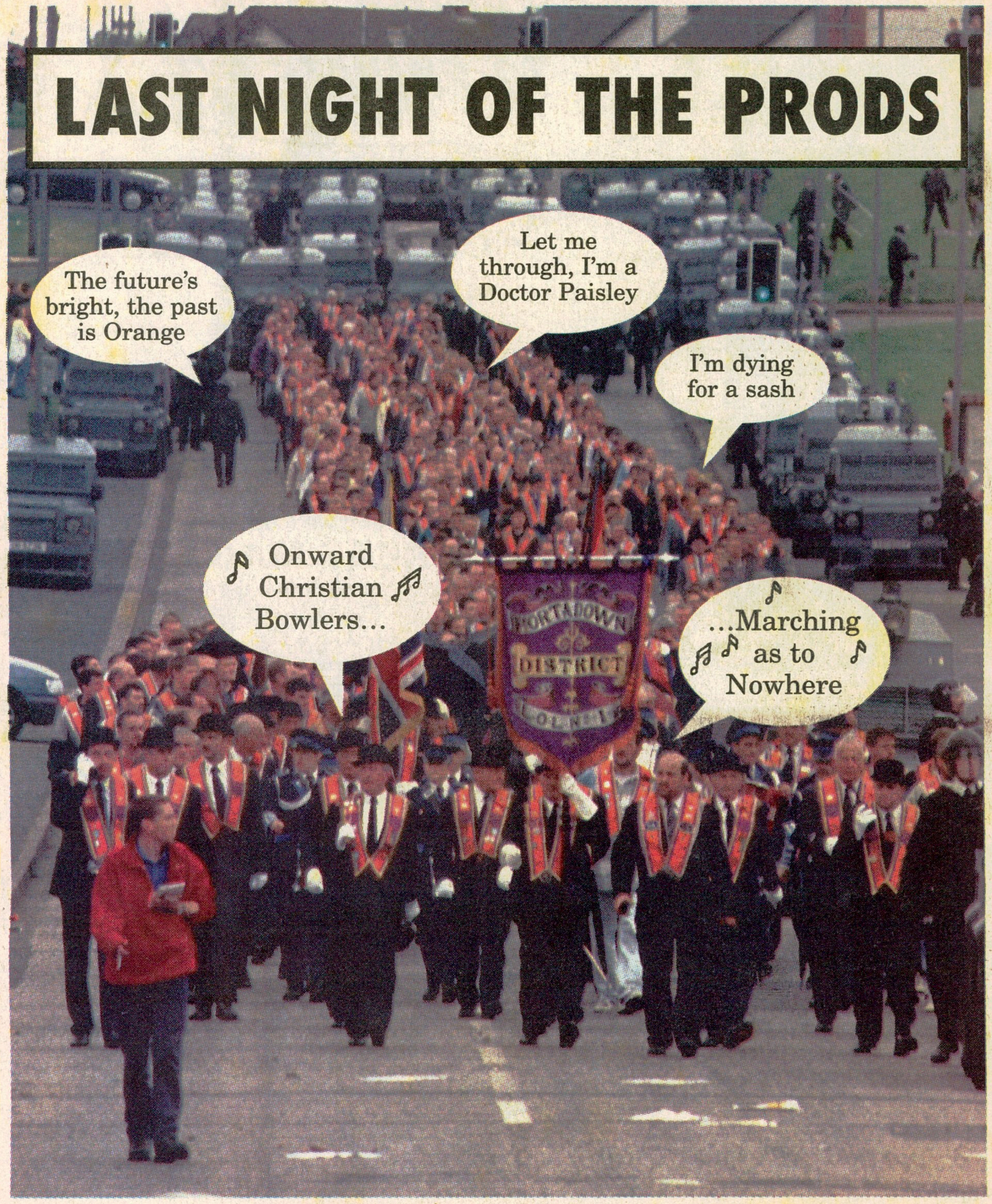
# PRIVATE EYE

£1

No. 954
Friday
10 July '98


## LAST NIGHT OF THE PRODS


The future's bright, the past is Orange
Let me through, I'm a Doctor Paisley
I'm dying for a sash
Onward Christian Bowlers...
...Marching as to Nowhere
PORTADOWN
DISTRICT

# PRIVATE EYE

## 8 REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO PRIVATE EYE

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7] Er. . .

8] That's it *(that's enough reasons — Ed.)*

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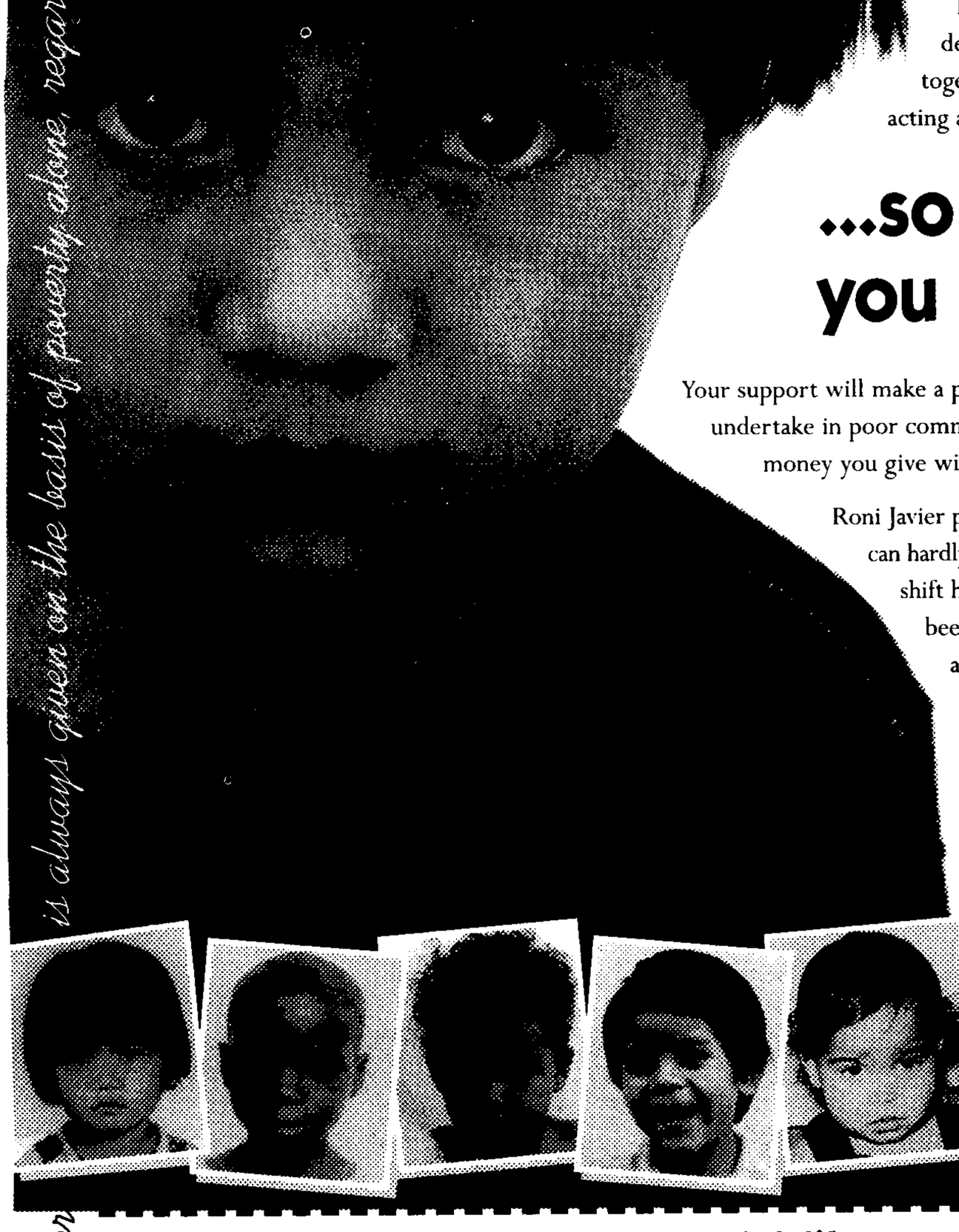
*UK rate, for overseas rates see page 5

*Christian Children's Fund of Great Britain is a humanitarian, non-denominational registered charity working with locally owned, long-term projects throughout the developing world and Eastern Europe to help living healthcare, education and eventual self-sufficiency to children and communities in need. Support is always given on the basis of poverty alone, regardless of race, sex or religion*

# By tonight, another 35,000 children will be lost through hunger, and disease...



It's almost unbelievable, yet every day 35,000 children in developing countries die from malnutrition and preventable diseases. That's more than 24 every minute!

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Yet all it takes is £15 a month to sponsor a child, bringing real hope into their life and giving both them and their community the chance of a decent future.

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## ...so why do we ask you to help just one?

Your support will make a priceless contribution towards the vital work that we undertake in poor communities around the world. We guarantee that 80% of the money you give will go directly to help a child and their community.

Roni Javier pictured here, lives with his mother in the Honduras, in what can hardly be called a house. It has a straw roof, a dirt floor and a make-shift hearth for cooking. There is no sanitation and Roni has often been ill and undernourished. Now Roni has a sponsor we are able to work constantly to see to his health and development. The more sponsors we can find, the more children like Roni can be helped to a safer and brighter future.

Somewhere, this very minute a child is waiting to be sponsored by you. Please don't delay - you will make a huge difference to more than just one life.

**Just £15 a month can give a child a decent future.**

Your sponsorship can be for as long as you wish – six months, a year, or until the child leaves school. You will receive a photo of the child, details of his or her family background, regular progress reports and letters from the child you are supporting.

## Yes, I would like to sponsor a child

P.E. 72

Send to Robert Edwards, Christian Children's Fund, 4 Bath Place, Rivington Street, London EC2A 3DR or CCF GB, FREEPOST WC4509, London EC2B 2FN (no stamp needed in UK)

My first monthly payment of £15 is enclosed by cheque/Postal Order ☐
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I prefer a boy ☐ girl ☐ either ☐

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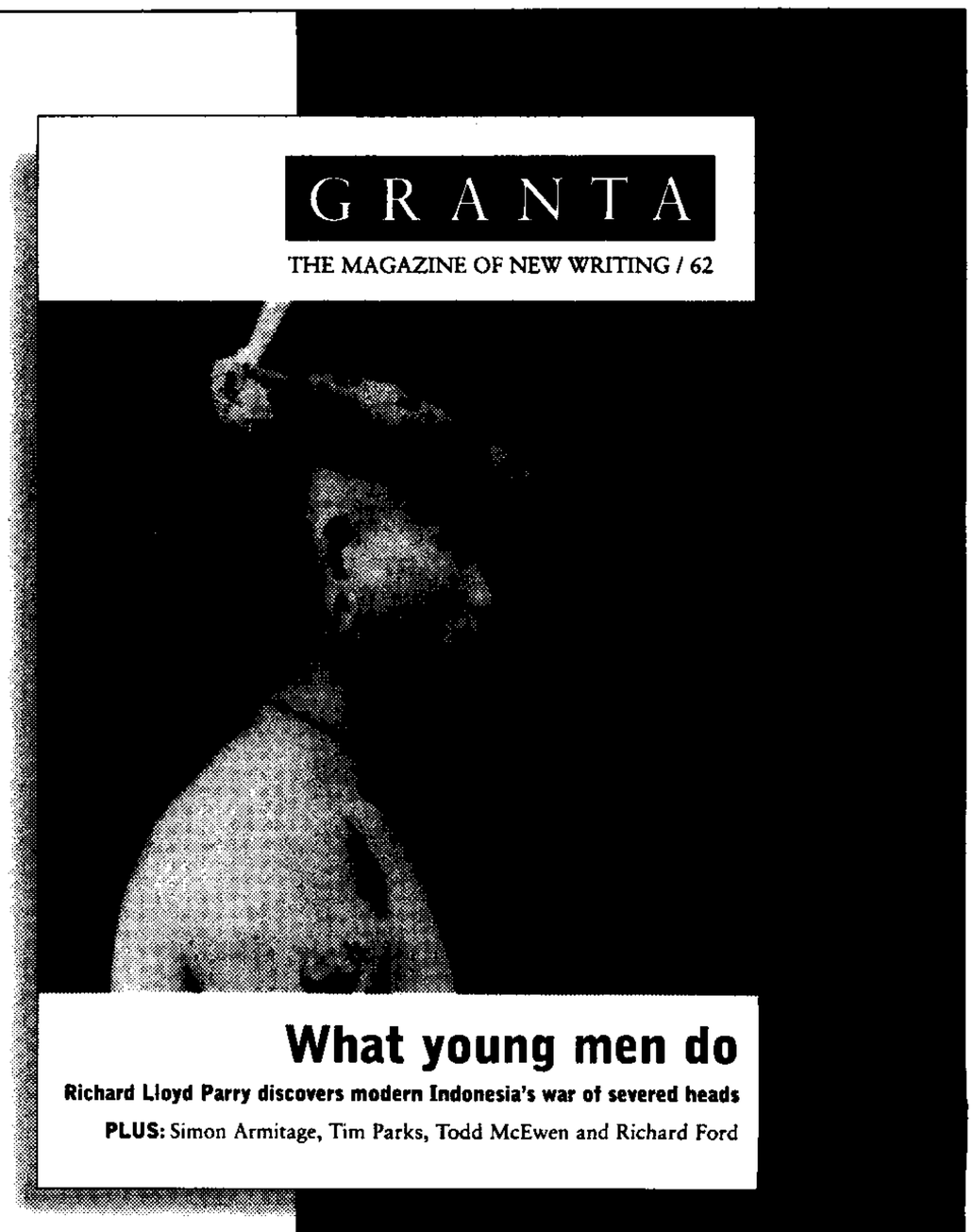
# THE NEW NEW GRANTA. TRY IT. IT'S FREE.

**Here are some key words from our era:** spin, sound-bite, jump-cut, docu-drama, docu-soap, the Net, the Web, product-placement, the marketing opportunity, shag, lads, 'irony'.


GRANTA
THE MAGAZINE OF NEW WRITING / 62
What young men do
Richard Lloyd Parry discovers modern Indonesia's war of severed heads
PLUS: Simon Armitage, Tim Parks, Todd McEwen and Richard Ford

Where does writing figure in all this? The serious and comic stuff called literature. Isn't it too slow? Isn't the novel dead? Does writing still matter?

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**THE MISTRESS:** Dani Shapiro on her misspent youth.

**RICHARD FORD** on where writing comes from.

**NORTHERN SOUL:** Simon Armitage on the North, post the muck and much of the brass.

**REPORTAGE** from Indonesia by Richard Lloyd Parry (including the terrible and largely unknown story of its war of severed heads).

**HIGH HEELS:** Todd McEwen on a man obsessed.

**PHOTOGRAPHY** by Sebastião Salgado.

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# Gnome

CONGRATULATIONS to Private Eye on its 170th year of publication. "The Private Eye" was founded by Dr Johnson in 1728 with Charles Dickens as its first editor and Rembrandt as its resident cartoonist.

Circulation rose amongst the coffee house set to an impressive 200 copies an issue (the same as the Spectator of today!).

Private Eye has maintained a unique record of continuous publication ever since with only a brief interruption for the whole of the nineteenth century.

Private Eye was relaunched in 1961 and despite now being the property of the Daily Gnomegraph it has maintained a proud tradition of independence with its editor free to express the fearless views of his proprietor, Lord Gnome.

Other famous names who might have contributed to The Private Eye include James Boswell, Mark Twain, George Orwell, T.S. Eliot and P.G. Wodehouse.

Today we are proud to boast a similarly distinguished array of contributors, including leading intellectuals like Sally Jockstrap, Lunchtime O'Booze and star columnist Phil Space.

Let's look forward to another 170 advertisements congratulating us on this landmark!

E. Strobes (Editor),
Lord Gnome,
The Spectator,
Doughty Street,
London WC1.

**TOP TIP:** The writer and broadcaster Melvyn Bragg, once described as 'the drinking woman's crumpet,' is tipped to become a Labour life peer as prime minister Tony Blair boosts his forces in the House of Lords.

*Portsmouth Evening News*


## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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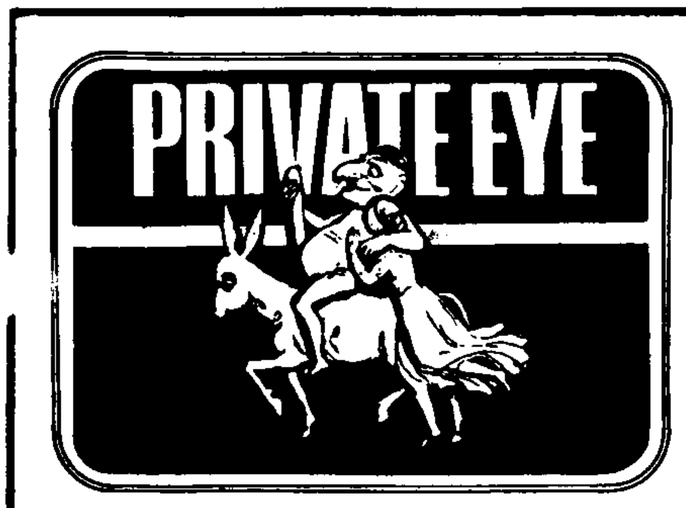


# COLOUR SECTION

**IN THE rough old world of politics and journalism, there is one person who retains a childlike innocence: Rosie Boycott, editor of the *Express*, who nearly choked on her Farley's Rusks last Sunday when she saw Derek Draper's boast that he always submits his weekly *Express* column to Peter Mandelson for vetting.**

"I was horrified by the comments attributed to Mr Draper," she declared. "All our columnists write their own opinions."

A collection of Dolly Draper's "own opinions" would scarcely fill a paragraph, let alone a full page every Saturday. Like his young Blairite cronies, he is post-ideological, post-modernist and, after a few glasses of champagne, post-prandial.

"What I really am is a commentator-fixer," he cheerfully admitted to the *Observer*. "I just want to stuff my bank account at £250 an hour." Though his *Express* column is titled "Inside the Mind of New Labour", a more appropriate heading would be "Inside the Contacts Book of Derek Draper".

The main surprise about the *Observer*'s revelations of "new" Labour sleaze is that they have taken so long to emerge. "One of the clearest signs a Labour victory is on the way is the frantic scrabbling at the sleazier end of the parliamentary lobbying sector," we reported two years ago (*Eye* 889). "The rush by PR fat cats to employ anyone thought to have connections with Blair's 'government-in-waiting' continues apace."

As the election approached, dozens of eager young Mandelson groupies who had been working for a pittance at Millbank or in the offices of Messrs Blair and Brown suddenly realised that they could earn good money by taking jobs at Shandwick, Lowe Bell or even Ian Greer Associates. The trend continues: witness the lucrative recent career moves by Tim Allan (former Downing Street spin-nurse, now earning a six-figure salary at Murdoch's BSkyB) and Dave Hill (former Labour press officer, now an executive at Lowe Bell).

But a few bright sparks then twigged that they could make even more money by becoming "stakeholders" (*sic*) in their own consultancies. Thus Draper and his chum Roger Liddle — erstwhile Liberal Democrat, now policy adviser at 10 Downing Street — both earned a small fortune when their firm Prima Europe was bought by the Canadian company GPC earlier this year.

Another new lobbying outfit, Lawson Lucas Mendelsohn, set up shop soon after the election, boasting that its three founders had worked for Gordon Brown, Jack Straw and Tony Blair. "We will not just work for anyone because it 'pays'," its brochure warned. "There are industries and causes we will, and already have, refused to work for because we believe their behaviour or goals are politically or morally indefensible... We believe that there will be a new breed of 'ethical winners' who will demonstrate that businesses no longer operate in a moral vacuum... LLM is as careful about its reputation as it is about its clients."

So how did Mendelsohn react when approached by an undercover journalist claiming to represent American energy companies who needed to find a way round environmental laws? Did he refuse to countenance this "morally indefensible" proposition? "Mendelsohn advised us to recast our plan for new, polluting power stations into something that sounded Earth-friendly," the *Observer* reports. " 'Tony is very anxious to be seen as green' he said. 'Everything has to be couched in environmental language — even if it's slightly Orwellian'." Once the US company changed its jargon, and perhaps made a donation to the Millennium Dome, there should be no problem in polluting away like billy-o. As Mendelsohn explained, "this government likes to do deals".

Indeed — which is why the latest sleaze allegations are far more serious than their Tory predecessors. Ian Greer was vilified merely for getting access to second-raters such as Neil Hamilton, whereas "new" Labour's lobbyists deal directly with the treasury and 10 Downing Street.

No wonder Roger Liddle and Peter Mandelson have been hastily trying to distance themselves from the loud-mouthed Derek Draper.

In their 1996 book, *The Blair Revolution*, Mandelson and Liddle attacked the "widespread culture of sleaze, which the modern brand of Conservatism has nurtured". It was, they thundered, quite unacceptable "that anything anyone in public life can do to assist a private interest in making profit is somehow in the public interest as long as people keep on the right side of the law... As far as the electorate is concerned, many think we have a government that consist of business back-scratchers and a Parliament made up of politicians on the make."

Stirring stuff. In the introduction to *The Blair Revolution*, Mandelson and Liddle noted their "special debt" to a young man who was "closely involved in the project from the start and made a major contribution to the outcome at every stage. New Labour is fortunate indeed that it can boast a whole new generation with his quality of organisational energy, political commitment and realistic vision, and it is to their political success that this book is dedicated."

Who was this visionary hero? Step forward, er, Derek "Dolly" Draper.

---

**AS the silly season approaches, political hacks are working themselves into a frenzy over the Blair-Brown spat — one of the longest sulks in history by chancellor Gordon Brown, who plays prime minister to Tony Blair's Mr President.**

All the while Blair pretends to be mystified at the brooding chancellor's as yet unfulfilled ambition, asking credulous hacks to believe that their "friendship" goes back a long way. In fact they were only every briefly united by a shared despair over Neil Kinnock and an impatience with the late John Smith. Any residual friendship immediately dissipated when Brown learned that Blair had broken an informal pact not to stand for leader of the Labour party at the insistence of another "old friend", Peter Mandelson.

Now there are two heavily armed camps within Labour, fighting their proxy battles in Scotland and in the parliamentary party, hacks are looking for the great issues of policy that divide them. The answer is: there aren't any. Brown still wants to be prime minister. And so does Blair.


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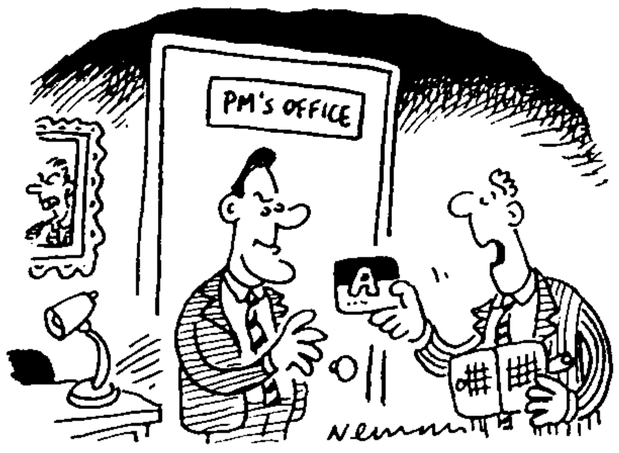



*"Do you give Access?"*

# Street Of Shame

## LUNCHTIME O'BOX

**THE real outcome of Linford Christie's libel action was a resounding victory for the freedom of the press's distributors.**

In the first round of the case, Christie sued John McVicar over an article in the late-unlamented *Spiked* magazine suggesting that Christie took drugs. After the court of appeal held that McVicar's two main witnesses, including Christie's former masseur, could not give evidence, the jury found 10-2 for Christie.

The question of damages was left open until the conclusion of the second round of the case: Christie's action against distributors of *Spiked*, W.H. Smith and a small firm in Bath called Johnson's. In the past, suing the distributors has been seen as a bullying tactic employed only by the likes of Goldsmith and Maxwell. However, occasionally, as in the notorious case of John Major against *Scallywag*, libel litigants suing magazines with no money have also sued the distributors, who have invariably paid up.

On this occasion both distributors paid small sums into court —Johnsons paid £2,000 and Smith's £7,500 — and decided to fight the case on the ground that they had "innocently disseminated" *Spiked* and were not negligent in doing so. This is an important defence irrespective of the publication involved. Smith's and Johnson's, who were specially determined, refused all overtures for a deal and to their credit insisted on fighting the case to the end.

Terrified of losing the case and being liable for huge costs, Christie threw in the towel. He meekly took the money which had been paid into court, and ran. The £40,000 damages he was reported to have received was made up of £30,000 cravenly paid into court by the printers, plus the measly £10,000 from Smith's and Johnsons. Because he refused to take the money when it was first paid in, and because John McVicar has no money, Linford Christie will be liable for the bulk of the costs in the case.

PS: A close examination of the controversial issue of *Spiked* and its successor show a curious obsession with Harrods. Two pages are given over to denouncing the accountant whose revelations removed the Al Fayed family from the management of the Harrods bank. A further piece about a friend of Michael Portillo has since been traced to Mohamed Fayed. If Fayed was involved in *Spiked*, he must be rather embarrassed by a full-page pornographic cartoon attack on Princess Di, which shows the princess admiring the genitals of some of her suitors. Not the sort of thing to amuse a man who, after her death, claimed the princess as a beloved daughter.

**THE *Daily Telegraph* continues to massage its quotes to suit its readers' delicate sensibilities.**

Last Friday's paper carried an interview with novelist Lillian Ross, and readers were told that her book had been characterised in the *LA Times* as "the same sort of name-dropping as her new friend Tina Brown introduced to *The New Yorker*".

In fact the *LA Times* review by Jeremy Bernstein, a respected critic, calls the book "the kind of semen-stained... celebrity name-dropping... that her new friend Tina Brown introduced to *The New Yorker*".

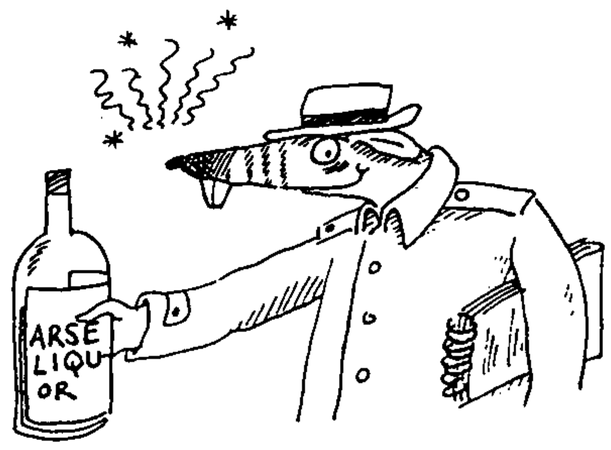
While mention of semen was too vulgar for Charles Moore's fragile readers, coverage of the Linford Christie libel case also caused problems. The paper reported how the athlete was fed up with jokes about his lunchbox. "No one ever mentions Sally Gunnell's figure," he was quoted as saying. "It's sexual discrimination. It's totally disgusting."

Too disgusting for *Torygraph* readers, anyway. What Christie in fact told the court, as the *Guardian* reported, was that "no one ever mentions Sally Gunnell's tits..."

**THE *Daily Mail* is, of course, sublimely unconcerned by the potential challenge from Rosie Boycott's new upmarket *Express*. Or is it?**

"Forgive me for writing to you out of the blue," writes Lawrence Sear, the *Mail*'s managing editor, in a mailshot to *Express* readers, "but I wondered whether you were entirely happy with the many recent changes made to your newspaper. Yet again the main features in the *Express* — its TV pages, sport and columnists — have been changed beyond recognition, doubtless leaving many readers feeling lost and exasperated. You may also be uneasy about the direction taken by the paper's new editor, a feminist who on her previous newspaper campaigned for the legalisation of cannabis. With this in mind, I would like to invite you to try the *Daily Mail*, a paper which champions family values and which we believe you will find in tune with your beliefs and interests"

Can this be the same Lawrence Sear who recently admitted that the *Mail* paid £40,000 to Louise Woodward's family for an interview, only days after denying the existence of any such transaction? And can it be the same *Daily Mail* whose proprietor, Lord Rothermere, championed "family values" for many years by maintaining a wife in London and a mistress in Paris?




**THOSE Machiavellian mischief-makers Rupert Murdoch and Kelvin Mackenzie have caused no end of trouble for the ailing Mirror Group and its harassed boss, David "Rommel" Montgomery.**

Whatever the real story behind Mackenzie's Murdoch-backed bid for Talk Radio, the Digger has certainly succeeded in sending the *Mirror*'s share-price heading south again, frightened the cash-rich Alex Springer out of taking over the company and left his main tabloid rival in total disarray.

Word has leaked back to Canary Wharf that Murdoch had quietly kissed and made up with his former *Sun* editor some time ago, and that the two men had been in regular telephone contact. All most mysterious, considering that Mackenzie was supposedly Rommel's righthand man, masterminding the effort by Mirror Group titles to halt their circulation slide and compete more successfully against their rivals at Wapping.

It's also interesting to note how media pundits have fallen for a propaganda campaign extolling Mackenzie's talents at the expense of Rommel's. Though he undoubtedly improved the *Mirror*'s news coverage, the circulation of MGN titles continued to fall after he took the helm. He also left senior hacks bewildered by his personal commitment to running Mohamed Fayed's conspiracy theories as if they were fact, thus treating the readers as if they were total fools. And, as a parting gift, he turned the paper against the "new" Labour government after several years of Blairite sycophancy — thus adding to readers' confusion and destabilising the group at a precarious time.

It would, however, be absurd to suggest that Kelvin was deliberately sabotaging the *Mirror*, safe in the knowledge that he was about to go over to the opposition. Not even he could be that Machiavellian — could he?

## JUST FANCY THAT!

"Why can't the powers that be stop printing photographs of Princess Diana? They, the newspapers, should think about her sons. I dare say it upsets them as well: she will never rest while people keep publishing her photographs."

— Letter in the *Bristol Evening Post*, illustrated by a large photo of, er, the People's Princess (submitted by Dave Rolfe).

**CONRAD BLACK is alarmed by the mass exodus of senior staff at the *Sunday Telegraph*, and wonders if it might by any chance be related to the bullying and imperious manner of editor Dominic Lawson.**

Though Lawson has assured him this is not so, it seems Black is unconvinced. Without telling the editor, he has now asked a *Telegraph* staffer to provide him with regular unexpurgated accounts of Dominic's antics.

Perhaps chastened by the recent defections, Lawson tried to show his human touch the other day by inviting newsroom hacks to watch a World Cup match with him in his office. For some inexplicable reason, not one of them took up his kind offer.

**THE *Mirror* took great delight ridiculing Kevin Keegan's faux pas as a World Cup commentator for ITV. During the England v Romania match, Keegan declared that England was going to win the game. Seven minutes later Romania scored.**

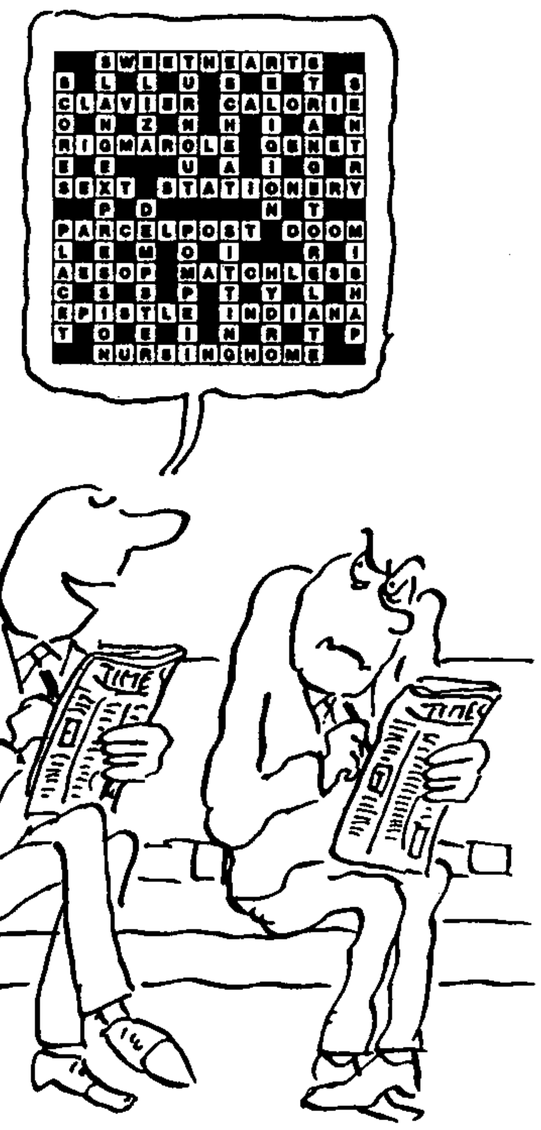
Under an article headlined "I wish I hadn't said that", the *Mirror* mentioned other great cock-ups, including a headline from the *New York Evening Sun* of 15 April 1912 which read "All Saved from Titanic after collision".

Oddly what it did not mention was the *Mirror*'s own equally embarrassing headline of the time: "Every one on board world's greatest liner safe after collision with iceberg in Atlantic Ocean".

**STAFF at the *Notveryindependent* will be carefully watching the fate of Bruce Arnold, whose harmless political analysis has appeared every week for the past two decades in the *Irish Independent* (prop. Tony O'Reilly).**

Understandably Arnold felt obliged to comment on the recent revelation that one of the many obscure companies controlled by O'Reilly had handed an uncrossed cheque, marked payable to cash and valued at IR£30,000, to a government minister called Ray Burke. By chance, this generous donation arrived just as Burke was pondering the licensing arrangements for distributing British TV channels, a subject of obsessive interest in Dublin. As it happens, another of O'Reilly's corporate playthings — a TV distribution company — became the principal benefactor of Burke's legislation.

Alas, Arnold was unable to examine all this in print: his column on the subject was spiked. One hopes that hacks on the London *Independent* who are tempted to investigate the business empire of Tony O'Reilly will learn their lesson.



**THE *Daily Telegraph* got rather over-excited by its moth-eaten scoop about a "secret list" of fellow-travellers provided by George Orwell to the foreign office's anti-Communist propaganda unit.**

"Socialist Icon Who Became Big Brother", a front-page headline yelled. In the first edition, anyway. Even Charles Moore seems to have realised that this was perhaps a hype too far. Later editions carried the rather milder announcement: "Socialist Icon Who Became an Informer".

**READERS of the *Liverpool Echo* were treated to somewhat one-sided coverage of the case of Louise Woodward, from the moment of her arrest to her triumphant return home to Elton, Cheshire, last month.**

Perhaps the tone of the coverage — "HOME AT LAST!" — and the fact that the *Echo* was the only newspaper granted an interview with Woodward after her return — "ONE DAY I WANT TO BE A MUM" — had something to do with the fact that her father works for the *Echo* as an electrician on the paper's maintenance team.

*Echo* staff less than convinced of the nanny's status as national heroine were disturbed at the willingness of the management to allow Woodward's supporters to hold regular whip-rounds for the campaign on the premises. But at least editor John Griffith got his exclusive in the end.

**Our next meeting will be on Wednesday June 10, 2pm at All Saints Church Hall, and our speaker will be Mrs P. Hawkins, whose subject is "Who's been sleeping in my bed?". Visitors are warmly welcome on the second Wednesday of every month.**

*Whitstable Times*

## THE FULL LAMONTY

**LORD LAMONT, that connoisseur of the finer things in life such as Raffles cigarettes and cheap sparkling wine, has not lost his financial acumen.**

At the Barbican Centre the other day for the finals of the Donatella Flick [*Who she? Ed.*] competition for young conductors, Norman approached a staff member and asked for two programmes costing £1.50 each.

"£3, please," said the vendor, whereupon Norman opened his wallet and proffered a banknote.

"Er, that's a Scottish £1 note," said the vendor.

"Sorry! I thought it was a £5 note," said Norman.

"Yes, sir," said the vendor.

"Nice try though, eh?" quipped the former chancellor of the exchequer, handing over a genuine fiver and pocketing the change.

## JUST FANCY THAT!

**CELEBRATIONS following the gay age of consent vote were spoiled by the announcement on the same day that the annual Pride festival on Clapham Common, the largest gathering of gay men, lesbians and transsexuals in Britain, had been postponed due to financial problems.**

Following brisk renegotiations, the festival is back on again, a month later than planned, with a new organiser at the helm. He is one Matt Williams, who knows a lot about gay pride: he has a conviction for assault on two men who called him a "poof".

## Plugged In/OBN

**Media legend Sir David English dies...**
***Towering Man of Newspapers***

Teletext Editor-in-Chief Graham Lovelace said: "He was a magnificent mentor to several journalists — myself included — who owe their careers to this giant of a man."

**TELETEXT, ITV**
**(Major shareholder: Associated Newspapers).**

*CONTRIBUTOR: Peter Bradshaw*

# HACKWATCH

## Flannelled Fools

**THE editors of the *Observer* and the *Daily Telegraph* are serious, sober types — Will "Stakeholder" Hutton and Charles "Lord Snooty" Moore respectively. But their deputies — Jocelyn Targett and Sarah Sands — are tabloid fun-merchants who resent having their front pages cluttered with such trivia as monetary union or the war in Kosovo. And so both Targett and Sands have grabbed a large space, below the masthead but above the main news, to alert readers to the really important stories of the day. These boxes of delight are now known in the trade as "flannel panels" — and a sample of their recent contents shows why.**

### THE OBSERVER

**8 February:** "Orange Is The Only Fruit," the flannel-panel reveals. "Nothing beats good marmalade on hot toast. Except marmalade on cold toast..." Of course.

**22 February:** A long and pseudy feature by Natasha Walter on the allure of white clothes is promoted with a massive front-page headline in screaming capitals: WHITE: THE NEW BLACK

**5 April:** An even longer and pseudier feature on another colour ("pink is the ambivalent colour of skin, of blood barely seen, in a blush") gets equally dramatic front-page billing: PINK BY A. S. BYATT. That'll bring the new readers flocking, eh?

**3 May:** "Oh No, Now We're Not Allowed to Wear Nike... Adidas, yes. Kappa, definitely. The swoosh? Only if you play for Arsenal. By Miranda Sawyer." What can it all mean? Some sort of sportswear feature, apparently.

**10 May:** No doubt about the week's biggest story. "KUREISHI: 'She reads cookbooks in bed.' HIS EX-LOVER: 'Me upset? To the power of ten!' "

**17 May:** Readers are treated to a photo of melted chocolate being dribbled on to a naked female navel. "FOOD AND SEX. Everyone likes chocolate buttons, don't they?" That's belly-buttons, geddit?

**17 June:** Hold the front page! " 'My husband is in a slight bate. He thinks I have been hinting at an affair.' India Knight's navel-gazing column. In *Life*."

**28 June:** "Pakistani military commanders have discussed pre-emptive nuclear strikes against India," the *Observer* reports. But hey, let's not forget our priorities. Above this news, at the top of the front page, is a pair of nicely-turned ankles in four-inch heels, with the headline "Lingerie for Feet". Never mind imminent Armageddon: the main attraction in today's paper is a four-page article in which a shoe-fetishist writes about his lover's stilettos.

### DAILY TELEGRAPH

**2 May:** It's Viagra-mania — and, as one would expect, the *Telegraph* can't wait to give it a go. "Does The Virility Pill Work? Charles Laurence finds out."

**6 May:** A nation rejoices. "At last I am a grandmother: Annabel Goldsmith on her new role in life."

**16 May:** "Annabel Heseltine: Choosing Your First Home." So useful for those countless young *Telegraph* readers whose daddies are multi-millionaires.

**22 May:** Two heavyweight profiles are trailed on the front page: "In the Presence of Julian Clary", and "How Did He Do That? The Rise of Chris Evans".

**25 May:** The Northern Ireland referendum is pushed down the page to make room for a significant development in the world of TV commercials: "Nicole, Papa and a Secret Wedding."

**27 May:** The Emperor of Japan may be facing angry demonstrators in the Mall, but the *Telegraph* knows what's really on Sir Herbert Gussett's mind: "What it's like to be 40 and unmarried, by Bettina von Hase."

**5 June:** "The Bikini is Back, But Not as We Know It." Don't panic, however: it's still skimpy enough to merit a photo at the top of the front page.

**6 June:** Never let it be said that the *Telegraph* ignores international affairs. "Bridget Jones Goes Global: Special Report."

**11 June:** A huge headline marks an equally huge journalistic *coup*: "Ulrika and Her Men, by Boris Johnson. Features, page 24. Plus News, page 5." What, no editorial?

**12 June:** An update on the *Telegraph*'s favourite family, the Goldsmiths. "Jemima Khan Enters the Fashion World."

**13 June:** A photo of a young woman in a micro-dress accompanies the glad tidings that it's going to be an "Itsy-Bitsy Teeny-Weeny Summer". To add to the pleasure, we are offered "Carla Powell's Kitchen Secrets."

**17 June:** Not since the relief of Mafeking has the *Telegraph* brought more reassuring news to an anxious nation: "There Is Life After Geri. Neil McCormick reports on the Spice Girls' concert in Miami, page 8."

**26 June:** "Demi and Bruce: What Went Wrong? John Hiscock reports from Los Angeles: Page 3." The rest of the flannel-panel announces a two-page story on World Cup footballers' wives who are heading for a night of nooky: "England's Other XI. World Cup lovers fly out to France: Pages 12 & 13."

**2 July:** "Big Match: Big Questions. Was this the best game you'll ever see? Why can't England win a penalty shoot-out? Is Beckham what's wrong with the country? We know about the drama, but what really happened?" Big questions indeed. But an even bigger one remains unasked: which is worse, the *Daily Hellograph* or the *Absurder*?

## SCHOOL REPORT

**PLANS to demolish Pimlico School and replace it with a new school on three-quarters of the present meagre site, giving the rest of the space to developers for around 200 luxury flats, will be voted on this Saturday by the school governors — whose chairman is one Jack Straw MP.**

The plans have been vigorously opposed for the past two years by parents and staff on the grounds that education is impossible on a building site for four years, and that the present building could be more cheaply refurbished without such disruption and loss of playground space.

Now parents have discovered that the two "rival" consortia bidding for the housing contract both include subsidiaries of the same company — Berkeley Group plc. This hardly seems to fulfil the requirements of competitive tendering or European law.

It was also reported in the *FT* that the leader of one of the consortia, Trevor Osborne, has issued a public apology and agreed to pay £3m to his former joint venture partners for "diverting investment opportunities to his own private companies", had taken records and documents from partners, and had broken agreements with them in 1996. Osborne's bid for the Pimlico School contract is a joint venture partnership under the government's private finance initiative which began in 1996.

All now hinges on Jack Straw, who has carefully avoided revealing his opinion of the scheme. But as home secretary he is hugely enthusiastic about using the PFI to build new prisons, so parents are preparing for the worst.

*"No one's going to stop me from walking on the Queen's Highway!"*

## IN THE TEAROOM

**SO, how come Britain's arms manufacturers have managed to persuade a hard-up treasury in the middle of a comprehensive spending review to shell out £8bn for two new aircraft carriers? Did someone slip Derek Draper a bung?**

Given that the price of these enormous, floating Exocet targets is equivalent to one fifth of the entire cost of the health service, or 4p on the standard rate of income tax, the decision was understandably resisted not just by the chancellor but also by those ministers who still believe Tony Blair's rhetoric about health and education being top priorities.

The man keen to take the credit for victory at the cabinet table is defence secretary George Robertson, who after a year of pained oblivion is desperate to take the credit for something. But the real work was done by procurement minister Lord Gilbert, who managed to persuade Number Ten to focus on the fact that the way Britain's economy is structured means that only the arms industry can quickly get the unemployment figures down.

When the policy unit checked out how the Tories used to do it, it found that the two most effective scams are closed to "new" Labour. One of these was to give foreign aid to countries like Indonesia which sound poor but until recently were, in fact, quite rich. The Indonesians, or whoever, would then give the money back in exchange for jet aircraft. By this simple ruse the government could create jobs without increasing public spending. Overseas aid minister Clare Short, though, won't have it. Wilfully... perversely even, she insists on aid going to poor countries.

The other Tory wheeze was to send Jonathan Aitken over to Saudi Arabia to negotiate an extension to Al-Yamamah. Alas, King Fahd is at death's door and the 3,000 princelings are too busy squabbling over the succession to be distracted even by fat commissions. So the government will have to buy the carriers itself.

But not even ruthless economic logic would have swung the cabinet Robertson's way had it not been for the intervention of Robin Cook. He just loves the whole idea of "blue water force-projection". Sitting under a portrait of Palmerston, the foreign secretary has decided that in future his "ethical" foreign policy will mean... er... sending a gunboat.

*'Urquhart'*

**ERNIE ROSS, former Scargillite and Bennite turned brown-nosing Blairite, is rapidly earning himself the "most obnoxious backbencher of the year" title.**

The Labour MP for Dundee West has angered some colleagues by obstructing the work of fellow select committee members who wanted to get their hands on background material from the foreign office on the arms-to-Sierra Leone affair.

Once upon a time Ross was a leftwing firebrand who signed an early-day motion applauding the "fortitude and resolve" of "the men and women on the Wapping picket lines". (This put him shoulder to shoulder with another rising backbencher: the former print union supporter turned Murdoch groupie, Tony Blair.) Ross was also famed for his forthright support of the international liaison committee for the peaceful and independent reunification of Korea — a North Korean front organisation. And he has now put that experience to good effect as a member of Scottish Labour's hated selection panel which is expunging a raft of Scottish leftwingers who had hoped to make it into the new parliament.

One of those marked with the cross of Satan is veteran devolutionist and leftwinger Dennis Canavan, a longtime enemy of Ross. He was questioned about his real "support for Labour" by the former firebrand — and promptly dropped from the list.

**WHILE Dennis Canavan lodges an appeal and consults m'learned friends about the selection procedure — Glasgow Pollok MP Ian Davidson is thinking of doing the same — the entire process in Scotland is being called into question amid accusations that it is "fundamentally flawed".**

Millionaire Glasgow Labour councillor Bashir Maan claims the panel's decisions border on "ethnic cleansing". Only one of five "perfectly capable" West of Scotland Asian councillors who applied made it on to the shortlist, he says.

Other rejects have revealed the questions they were asked. One was "What have you done to promote the policies of *New* Labour?"; while another asked how candidates would respond if the government cut public spending in Scotland. Cynics suspect successful candidates will be those who said they would meekly sit back as Gordon Brown cuts the Scottish parliament's budget.

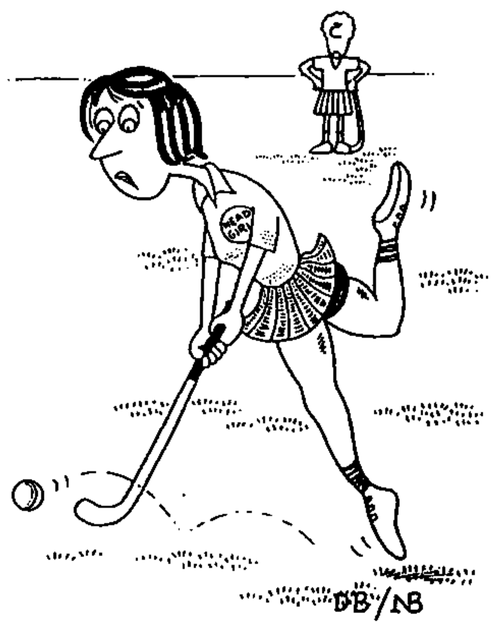
It has also emerged that one of the rules governing the procedure is that members of the selection board must "have no personal interest in the outcome of the selection for any particular seat". No doubt the chair of the panel, Cumbernauld & Kilsyth MP Rosemary McKenna, found this helped when she had the onerous task of ensuring her daughter Suzanne passed the panel's vigorous strictures on "croneyism" with flying colours. Suzanne is now ready to stand in, er, Cumbernauld & Kilsyth. McKenna senior was parachuted into her seat shortly before the general election.

**ONE reason the Blairites are keen to see the back of Dennis Canavan (see earlier story) is that he persists in reminding Tony Blair of his pre-election pledge in the *Evening Standard* that "Labour has no plans to introduce tuition fees".**

But now that Tony Blair has introduced tuition fees, Canavan has been to the fore in reminding Blair that the extra funding to be made available to Scottish students completing four-year courses is not to be extended to English students completing four-year courses in Scottish universities.

This measure, thrown out by the House of Lords, whose objections were immediately dismissed by Blair, is now being pushed through by Scottish office minister Brian Wilson, who has spent his adult life railing against the absurdities of devolution.

**NEW OLD SAYINGS**




To err is Harman

**PETER MANDELSON has been caught telling porkies again about the much-vaunted "green" credentials of the Millennium Dome.**

On 16 June, just four days after *Eye* 952 reported how the dome would use refrigerants which add to global warming, the minister without portfolio assured MPs that the environmental pressure group Greenpeace was behind the project.

In a written answer to a question from Norman Baker, Lib Dem MP for Lewes, he claimed that representatives of Greenpeace and other environmental groups had "met" the designers of the "Living Island" section of the dome. "No organisation contacted by the designers has refused to take part in discussions," said Mandelson.

This is completely untrue. Back in April Greenpeace told the New Millennium Experience Company (NMEC) that it could not discuss any aspect of the dome while NMEC insisted on using dangerous hydrofluorocarbon (HFC) gases as coolants.

## ORDER OF THE BACKBENCH BROWN NOSE

**JEFF ENNIS, Labour MP for Barnsley East & Mexborough and parliamentary private secretary to Tessa Jowell, the public health minister, has been awarded a special OBBN for his recent cringe-making performance during prime minister's questions.**

"Is my right honourable friend the prime minister aware of the excellent document... produced by the coalfields taskforce and launched last week?" he drooled.

Funnily enough Tony Blair *was* aware and returned the "question" with interest. "I pay tribute to my honourable friend's work on regeneration of the coalfield areas, both in his present position, and previously as the leader of his local authority."

In the distance a lone bell tolled and a whisper on the wind could be heard "...and shalt be minister hereafter..."

**MANDELSON is not the only member of this government, which tries so hard to be seen as "green", to have failed to get the hang of it.**

European environment hacks who turned up at the Danish port of Aarhus for a press trip by boat to a wind farm off the east coast of the Jutland peninsula were lectured by Britain's environment minister Michael Meacher about "learning from the Danish experience" and making "major shifts away from fossil fuels" over the coming decades.

His audience might have been more impressed by Meacher's environmental piety had he not arrived at the quayside in a gas-guzzling stretch limo, accompanied by two support cars containing seven aides, while his Danish counterpart, Svend Auken, arrived unobtrusively on foot.

**BRIAN MACKENZIE, former leader of the Police Superintendents' Association who was included on Tony Blair's list of 18 new "working peers" last month, has been quick off the mark to cash in on his ennoblement.**

Approached by a *Channel 5 News* team preparing a feature on post-traumatic stress disorder, Mackenzie, who was Blair's home affairs adviser in opposition and whose opinions have had much influence on the ban on handguns and the setting up of the register of sex offenders, demanded £200 for a quote.

After the noble lord refused to lower his fee for a doubtless gracious and wise soundbite, the hacks sought an opinion elsewhere.

**FRANK FIELD, the dour and introspective minister of state for social security, is determined to press ahead with his plan to force people to take out private pensions — despite a clear warning from his own experts that such a policy could be disastrous.**

The idea of compulsory private pensions has always appealed to Field, and in the summer of last year he and his secretary of state Harriet Harman set up an advisory group to back up the proposal. It was called the Pension Provision Group and its chairman was Tom Ross of Aon Consulting.

The group was nicely balanced with one member from a private pensions company, one from Storehouse plc, one from the Engineering Employers Federation and one from the TUC. Its course seemed set fair for compulsory private pensions.

The report is very long and costs £25. The crucial bit is on page 99: "We have found no overriding economic reason to change policy in order to alter significantly the balance between pre-funding and pay-as-you-go... If policy makers did wish to extend pre-funded (private) pensions to the low paid, they would need to overcome the problems of a) low-paid peoples' ability to afford the necessary contributions b) the low level of pensions low contributions deliver and c) the current costs of administering small amounts of pension rights."

Frank Field has now decided to ignore the report.

**THE sophistication of the Mandelson-Campbell Labour publicity machine can hardly be exaggerated.**

Take the letter of guidance recently sent to MPs and party workers on how to exploit the 50th anniversary of the NHS. It contains three stunning ideas for photo-opportunities, recycled from the local elections, which are sure to get the Blair/Dobbo message plastered all over local and regional press and TV!.

● **"New cash for the NHS:**

"Photo: MP pictured outside hospital with a large syringe with the words 'Labour's £2 billion cash injection for the NHS' written on it.

"Your regional press officer has a four-foot model of a syringe that can be used for this picture."

● **"Cutting bureaucracy**:

"Photo: MP pictured cutting through red tape wrapped around piles of paper to symbolise bureaucracy.

"All you will need is: A pile of papers… thick red tape or ribbon, a large pair of scissors. Wrap the red tape around the papers and get pictured cutting through it next to the hospital sign or buildings."

● **3) "Hospital building programme:**

"Photo: MP… pictured next to a relevant hospital sign with hard hats and trowels to signify the hospital building programme.

"All you need is: two trowels and hard hats (approach a local builder… to lend them to you), two bricks. Get pictured outside a hospital wearing the hats and brandishing the trowels and bricks."

*Oliver James's book 'Britain on The Couch – Why We're Unhappier Compared with 1950 Despite Being Richer', is published by Century, price £16,999.* *Independent*

**IN LATE 1996 the then opposition leader Tony Blair railed against the Conservatives' plans to make savings on war pensions — in particular for those veterans with hearing disabilities.**

Blair said the plans were simply a way to cut spending and asked why the Tories should be trusted. Now safely ensconced in Downing Street, however, Blair's government seems to have forgotten all about the war pensioners with hearing problems.

In a parliamentary answer to Margaret Ewing MP, social security minister John Denham said no changes had been made to pensions since October 1996; and payments would only be changed subject to an independent review… by the experts who suggested the cuts in the first place.

This is exactly the answer John Major gave as prime minister and which Blair described as "shabby and mean-minded".

**THAT walking contradiction in terms, the Welsh nationalist Lord Elis-Thomas, is making a political comeback.**

He is standing for the Welsh assembly and has been nominated by Plaid Cymru delegates in his former Westminster seat, Meirionnydd Nant Conwy, which he held as plain Dafydd Elis Thomas from 1974 to 1992.

The nomination has led to local resignations from senior party members who remember the eccentric lord's political U-turns. In 1981 he moved the by-election writ in support of IRA hungerstriker Bobby Sands' republican successor and was dubbed the Meirionnydd Marxist for his outspoken attacks on the British state. But by 1986, however, he was calling for Irish language activists to be refused access to Wales because of their republican past.

Apart from accepting a peerage, he has also sealed his friendship with the hated British state with two quango jobs. One was chairmanship of the Welsh Language Quango, for which he's paid £22,000 for a two-day week; and he also chairs the Welsh film quango, *Sgrîn*, which enables him to join the luvvies in Cannes.

His quango career will not be blighted if he wins an assembly seat. Although he has to stand down during the election campaign next year, he would be free to carry on his quango career afterwards.

*'Backbiter'*

# NOOKS and CORNERS

**THE Crystal Palace, that great, tangible symbol of Victorian enterprise and commitment to progress and free trade, caught fire in 1936. After the fire little remained of Joseph Paxton's pre-fabricated cast-iron, glass and timber structure other than twisted metal and charred wreckage. And today, more than 60 years on, the magnificent site on the top of Sydenham Hill remains empty, as architects, politicians and local residents continue to argue over what to do with it. But authentic examples of the elements of which the Crystal Palace was made *still* survive.**

And they survive not in a museum, or in London at all, but in a curious and long neglected building in Oxford. This is the old LMS Station, which stands close to the present horrible Oxford railway station. Formerly the terminus of the London & North Western Railway's line from Bletchley, it was constructed in 1851 by the contractors Fox & Henderson, who just happened to be working on the exhibition structure planned for Hyde Park. So they simply cast more of the pre-fabricated cast-iron standard arched components of which Paxton's Crystal Palace was to be made, ran up a glass and iron structure to shelter passengers and trains from the weather, and clad the thing in weatherboarding. The resulting station was rather more serviceable and elegant than the Great Western's adjacent station, and it remained in use for a century.

The old LMS station is now listed grade II and is an historic structure of extraordinary interest, but that has not stopped it being neglected. And, having served as a tyre depot and then a car hire garage, it is now threatened with demolition. The plan is to give it to a rather dubious railway museum in Buckinghamshire on the naïve assumption that, after almost a century and a half, a pre-fabricated cast-iron building can easily be dismantled and reerected when, in fact, it is likely to be destroyed by the move. Besides, buildings are best preserved and used where they were built in the first place.

But why does it have to go? To make way for a six-lane highway east of Oxford station. The last thing Oxford needs is more traffic in the city centre, but Oxford county council proposes to widen Park End Street at a cost of £1m and so make it even more unpleasant than it is already.

Needless to say these proposals have been pushed ahead without any public meeting or letters to local residents. Perhaps that has something to do with the fact that the council has been given sweeteners of £400,000 by both Persimmon Homes and the University of Oxford, both of whom want to see this area redeveloped — with a business school, for which Mr Wafic Said, the arms dealer, has so generously given the university £20m to have his name on.

So what chance can Fox & Henderson's unique station — that tangible ghost of the Crystal Palace — have against so much money?

***IN the last Eye the inverted commas were mistakenly omitted around the word "expert" when applied to Julien Litten, who is asking a fee of £1,250 for his Casson-like treachery in giving Casson-like evidence against the Victorian Society in the consistory court hearing over St Aidan's, Small Heath, Birmingham.***

***Judge Aglionby oddly described Litten as "a Victorian Society member of considerable distinction" when Litten declined to take the society's own witnesses seriously. And now I learn of an interesting post-script to the story. The plans to convert St Aidan's parsonage house — an interesting Arts & Crafts building — into a "Place of Welcome" required planning permission, and Birmingham's planning committee thought it had a deal with the vicar, Guy Wilkinson, and that, in return, he would look after St Oswald's — another fine, redundant church.***

***Now planners have discovered the buildings are in different legal ownership and so a linked agreement is impossible. "We have been outmanoeuvred on this one", they cry.***

*'Piloti'*

# COUNTRY MATTERS

**THE last *Eye* revealed how Prince Charles, scourge of genetically modified food producers, has the chairman of Zeneca pharmaceuticals (purveyor of genetically modified food) on the board of his charity Business in the Community.**

But Sir David Barnes is not the only board member with wobbly credentials. BITC also boasts Sir Anthony Cleaver, who runs its green arm Business in the Environment.

Sir Anthony was head of the Atomic Energy Authority, running the environmental catastrophe at Dounreay from 1993-96. He began a round of redundancies there and brought in contractors. The Health and Safety Executive's damning criticism of Dounreay pointed out that the remaining staff have no clear idea how to operate the plant's machinery.

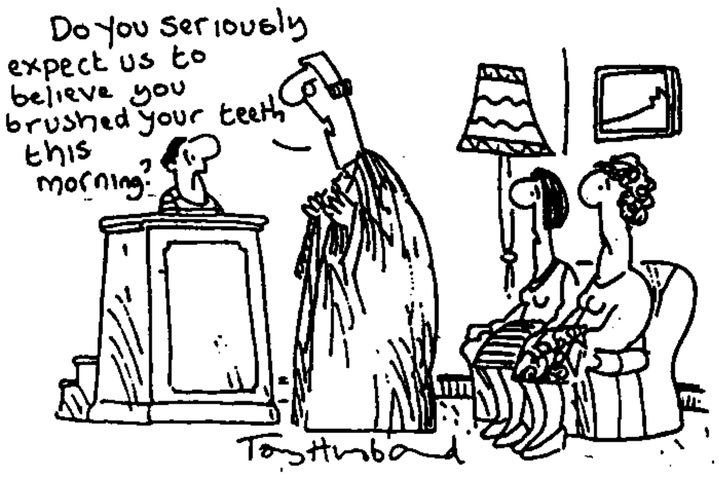
Cleaver's Business in the Environment has an unorthodox approach. Each year it prepares a league table of companies' environmental performances. For two years running these charts were topped by chemical and energy firms — not industries generally seen as environmentally friendly. The chart is based on how much environmental information is in annual reports, rather than on any independent analysis of how the companies act. Businesses which attract criticism tend to churn out the most of this greenwash to pad out their brochures. Several large companies, including Reuters and Legal & General, withdrew from Cleaver's charts in protest at this perverse bias.

**SUPPORTERS of the Countryside Alliance, furious at the sacking of its feisty spokeswoman Janet George, are calling for the resignation of the man who drove her out: chairman Charles Goodson-Wickes, ex-Tory MP.**

This former silver stick officer to the Household Cavalry and long-serving BUPA consultant has been turning his less than abundant talents to the Alliance since being dumped by his Wimbledon constituents last year. One of his first "improvements" was the creation of a new seven-strong board including such well-known rural experts as Charlie "Gorbals" Wilson and former *Guardian* art critic Caroline Tisdall, the girlfriend of millionaire landowner Paul van Vlissingen.

Even more surprising was his appointment of businessman Edward "Papa" Duke to the new position of chief executive on a basic salary of £150,000 a year. Perks such as a £10,000 "London living allowance", a luxury-model Land Rover Discovery and generous pension contributions take his annual package to about £200,000.

Regional fund-raisers are appalled at this lavish remuneration — which is 15 times greater than the average income of the Welsh hill-farmers who flocked to the Countryside Rally in March, and more than twice the salary of his predecessor, Robin Hanbury-Tenison. Some are already withholding donations; others are demanding an inquiry into how Duke was appointed, and whether thousands of pounds were also wasted in headhunter fees.




*"I sometimes think Peter's a little too hard on the child..."*

# FIVE

**Imogen's Face (ITV)**
**Big Women (Channel 4)**
**Close Relations (BBC1)**

**IN THE 60s, feminist theorists believed, reasonably enough, that once women began to replace men in key professional areas, the assumptions and practices of the patriarchal society would collapse. Well, dream on, sisters.**

The masculinity of Margaret Thatcher's politics severely challenged this thesis. And a current glut of high-profile television dramas by women writers finally destroys it.

Andrea Newman's three-parter **Imogen's Face**, Fay Weldon's four-parter **Big Women** and Deborah Moggach's six-parter **Close Relations** don't specifically claim to be feminist dramas (although the Weldon is about female empowerment), but the clear implication is that they are alternative viewing.

All were scheduled during the summer of the World Cup, a time when television companies were vulnerable to complaints of male bias. Significantly, the Newman and Weldon were scheduled to begin on the night before the period in which (had England progressed) BBC1 and ITV would for the first time be screening footie matches simultaneously. The dramas were heavily advertised in women's magazines and all the leading roles were female. The suggestion of correction to the schedules was heavy.

And what do you get? Take, for example, the question of nudity. For decades, women critics have objected to the double standard by which almost all sex scenes were shot to display the breasts of the actresses while the actors got away with a tasteful flash of back or bum. Some producers claim that this is because of a legal glitch — aroused nipples can be shown on screen but not erect penises — but the truth is that male telly execs have operated for decades their own version of the *Sun*'s page 3. Even the fact that female characters were allowed on top in telly sex long before the position became popular in suburbia was nothing to do with feminism. It simply allowed the camera a clearer shot of their nipples.

But, would you believe it, the frequent couplings in Moggach's *Close Relations* obeyed the same rules: bras off wherever possible, aureoles in close up. In Weldon's *Big Women*, four central female characters remove all of their clothes shortly after the first commercial break and dance around full-frontally while the one man in the room keeps his suit and tie on. The post-coital shots in *Imogen's Face* also unthinkingly conform

to the traditional camera placement. Sweaty humping couple climax and roll apart. But the woman rolls across closest to the camera so that the audience's point of view is across her breasts, while the actor lies on his side, a sheet decorously crumpled around him. This stuff really begins to get on your tits.

Even stranger is how misogynistic much of this writing by women is. In *Imogen's Face*, for example, the title character, shortly after giving birth to twins, is shown having unsatisfactory sex with her husband. You might expect a woman writer to explore the physical and hormonal effects of motherhood on the libido but, oh no. The reason Imo isn't up for it with hubby is that she's been shagged senseless by her lover in the summerhouse earlier in the day. And so Ms Newman dramatises one of the oldest male prejudices about why women refuse sex.

And the plot of *Close Relations* revolves around a classic male fantasy. An overweight, late middle-aged builder, recovering in hospital after a heart attack, falls madly in love with a young black nurse who returns his ardour.

In *Big Women*, at least two characters who have previously been espousing feminist ideals abandon their principles the moment a man asks them for a shag. I mean, really: it's no wonder Germaine Greer sometimes looks so grumpy.

It's depressing that the result of women's increasing influence on the means of television production should be these carbon copies of what the lads used to do. Perhaps that's because the producers and directors are still mainly male, but these series may be another example of how the conventions of television are almost impossible to subvert. Anti-sitcoms settle down by series two into sitcoms. Spoof chatshows rapidly become hard to distinguish from the original. And a peak-time drama about relationships inevitably becomes a parade of naked breasts and scenes of female treachery, whatever the gender of the author.

*Big Women* represents another recurrent trend in modern culture, previously exemplified by the movies *The Ice Storm* and *Boogie Nights*: the idea that the 70s are irresistibly ridiculous. But that can't really be true, can it? For *Imogen's Face*, *Close Relations* and *Big Women* confirm that, against all possible predictions, a piece of 70s television kitsch — Andrea Newman's *Bouquet Of Barbed Wire* — has become the most influential drama in the medium's history.

*'Square Eyes'*

## TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

**MOHAMED Fayed's tiny organ, otherwise known as *Punch* magazine, has been trumpeting its brilliant scoop in which Rupert Murdoch's former butler reveals "gripping" details of the Digger's healthy lifestyle. (Sample: "For a while he even had a personal trainer... He would agonise over whether yoghurt or skimmed milk would be best for him.")**

*Punch* boasts that it is "dedicated to upsetting media tycoons". So far, however, it has been strangely silent about the far more interesting revelations from former employees of another tycoon, the owner of *Punch* — whose fads and foibles make the Dirty Digger look like a model of sanity.

If cleanliness is indeed next to godliness, Mohamed Fayed must be halfway to heaven already. The Harrods boss is obsessed to the point of mania with personal hygiene, and has often insisted that attractive women working in his office should have full gynaecological examinations by a Harley Street doctor "to see if you're clean".

Reports on these tests for HIV, VD, etc, are then sent to Fayed himself, sometimes without the patients' consent. One such report found an irregularity on a female employee's cervical smear. Later the same day she was accosted by the Philandering Pharaoh. "I gather you've been fucking the wrong boys," he announced.

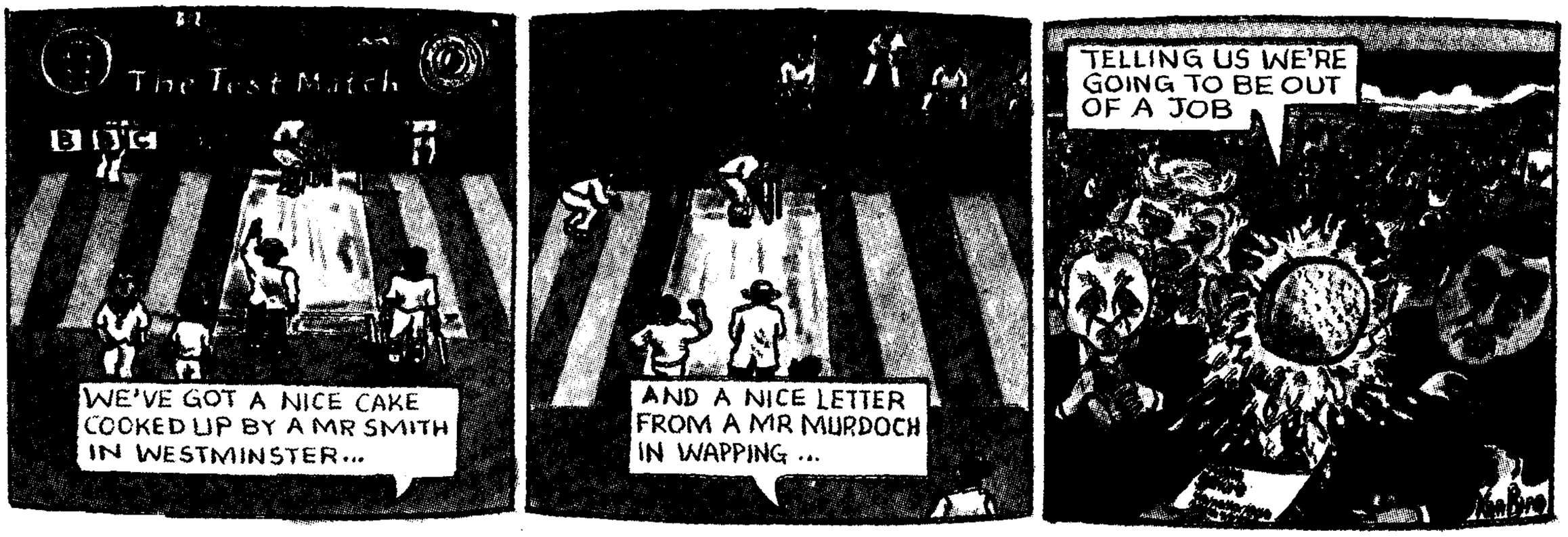
Fayed inspects secretaries' fingernails for the slightest trace of dirt, and asks his staff to wear surgical gloves if he thinks their hands may be unclean. Though happy enough to grope breasts or bottoms through a layer of clothing, he hates direct physical contact: a woman who tried to shake his hand at the end of her job interview says he "recoiled" in horror.

When he does shake hands he cleans his fingers immediately afterwards. For this purpose his bodyguards always carry a supply of wet "ice-wipes" perfumed with Fayed's favourite cologne. When travelling, he wears a gas mask to protect himself against pollution.

Fayed has such a terror of contamination that his own children do not attend the annual Harrods Christmas party, presumably lest they might catch something. At a charity event for underprivileged children in the Georgian restaurant at Harrods, he ostentatiously rubbed his hands with a new "ice-wipe" whenever one of the young guests touched him.

Since he thinks glasses may carry infection, Fayed prefers to drink from plastic cups. As a further precaution against germs, his dinner-plates are rubbed with a freshly-cut lime before use.

In spite of his own notoriously foul language, however, there is no evidence that Mohamed has ever tried washing his mouth out with soap.


The Test Match
BIG
WE'VE GOT A NICE CAKE COOKED UP BY A MR SMITH IN WESTMINSTER...
AND A NICE LETTER FROM A MR MURDOCH IN WAPPING ...
TELLING US WE'RE GOING TO BE OUT OF A JOB

# MEDIA NEWS

**WHEN Earl Spencer says he has no intention of making money out of his sister's death, only the foulest mind can doubt him. So the earl cannot have been very happy to learn how aggressively the television production company Planet 24 has been marketing him to the American networks.**

Planet 24 is run by the recently ennobled "friend of Tony" Waheed Alli, and Charlie Parsons; and it was a Planet 24 offshoot, Planet Y, that produced the recent interview with Spencer that was recently broadcast here on the BBC.

In the United States, meanwhile, *Daily Variety* reported that last month "Planet 24 began pitching US news organisations the Stateside rights to never before seen home-movies and still photos of the late Princess Diana...

"Planet 24 was offering a package deal [and] though it was never explicitly promised, an interview with Spencer was part of the deal, according to a top network news producer and insiders at two other networks...

"Despite not wanting to appear to be paying for an interview with Spencer, several newsmags were willing to pay Planet 24 between $250,000 and $500,000... but Planet 24 officials balked, telling rival [bidders] that Fox was willing to pay between $1.2 million and $2 million..."

No doubt this is all a terrible misunderstanding by loutish Americans who don't understand how careful the earl is to avoid cashing in on his sister's memory. As it happens, Fox will broadcast an exclusive interview with Spencer on 16 July, as well as bits of home video and a puff for the Althorp memorial park. Fox won't say how big a fee it is paying beyond rubbishing the $2m figure. And given that Spencer will donate every cent to charity it's probably impertinent even to try to guess the exact amount (or Planet 24's cut).

**SPENCER's interview about the life of his sister was in its way as monumental an event in BBC history as Diana's own *Panorama* appearance.**

In a highly unusual move the corporation ceded ownership of the programme to Planet Y, which gave the BBC permission to show it once only. This applies to repeats and even to extracts for TV and radio news bulletins or follow-up items in other programmes.

Thus any part of the BBC wishing to use part of a BBC programme will have to negotiate a price with an independent company. The only exception is *Breakfast News*, which has been allowed one short piece of footage in return for the use of its star reporter Sally Magnusson, who did the interview.

A row has broken out at Television Centre over who signed over the rights and who stands to profit from the enormous video sales.

**THE RECENT ennoblement of Planet 24's Waheed Alli raises a potentially thorny problem of etiquette for Number Ten. Neither *Debrett's* nor *Burke's Peerage* can offer any clue to the correct way to address same-sex partners of peers of the realm — men like Alli's partner at work and home, Charlie Parsons.**

Locals in the Kent village where Alli and Parsons share a mansion have found a solution, however: they have embraced tradition and refer to Parsons as the Lady of the Manor.

**MORE bad news at pisspoor Carlton Television where, only a month after *The Connection*, its faked documentary on drug running, the *Eye* has learnt that Carlton has axed its only current affairs programme, *The Big Story*.**

Fans of Carlton's heavyweight factual programming needn't worry, however: it still hopes to broadcast a *Big Story* "special" on Louise Woodward, her true story.

Though the new season's output will feature another important animal rescue show and more neighbours-from-hell programmes, Carlton does not want to dumb down completely. It is bidding for the new 60-minute current affairs programme planned by ITV to take over from *World in Action*. If the rumours are true, this will be fronted by Jeremy Paxman and Kirsty Young.

**BBC journalists and production staff have completed their transfer from Broadcasting House to White City to save money and "increase efficiency".**

Thus teams of hacks are now "hot desking" (managementspeak for sharing desks and computers) and working from "pods" rather than conventional desks, sharing 3ft by 2ft workspaces to get maximum productivity out of every square foot of office space.

Back at BH, meanwhile, where the rent charged for the use of the BBC's own building by BBC Resources is still astronomic, managers are taking a slightly different view of efficiency. For example, the space formerly used by 18 journalists, producers and researchers to make programmes for licence-payers, has been tastefully transformed into offices for just four programme strategy review managers to make, er, programme strategy reviews for internal consumption.

Elsewhere, the move has brought chaos to the BBC's computer system, with 12,766 calls to computer support logged in May alone. Engineers have started checking the huge amount of data stored on individual log-ins to purge clutter. There have been a number of red-faces — not to mention one sacking — following discovery of obscure Danish porn websites on individual logs.

## LUVVIES

"The Monroe glow — the one that assured collective heartbreak when she died, and insured her immortality — was reincarnated in our own Goddess, the late Diana Spencer. One day in acting class I was asked to portray Diana's pain. I thought the coach had asked for 'Diana melting in the rain'. Now when it rains, I think of her, melting."

**CAROLE MORIN**
**The Scotsman**

*CONTRIBUTOR: Colin Wakeling.*

***An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.***

**VIEWERS of *Newsnight* will know of its exclusive exposé of Glasgow Labour MP George Galloway's dealings with the Pakistan government in setting up the Asian newspaper, *East*. But they may not be aware of the background of one of Gorgeous George's supporters, who was taped attacking the programme's journalist.**

The supporter in question was Ron MacKay, who with typical Glasgow aplomb called the hack a "c**t", described his work as "shite" and said he would "fill him in" if he came round to see him. What the programme didn't say, was that MacKay is a prominent journalist with the *Scotland on Sunday* newspaper.

Since the programme MacKay has been trying to explain himself by saying he would fill the journalist in with more information — not his fists.

**VINCENT RAY, BBC foreign editor, has told overseas correspondents that all work on features should cease. The reason? The foreign section is facing its biggest ever overspend of £½m after covering the "Indonesian political crisis, Afghan earthquakes and German rail crashes".**

This surprised the foreign hacks who were under the impression the department existed and was budgeted to report such events.

The real cause of the overspend of course is the preoccupation at BBC News among Ray's masters for "live" TV coverage from North America on the virtually unwatched News 24 channel, the BBC's most expensive programme per viewer.

Besides, sending "famous names" to Sudan to report in ever more emotional terms of the famine is a blatant attempt to outdo ITN, which Ray believes is the real purpose of his department.

*"You Valkyrie have been taking us for a ride..."*

**FEARLESS documentary film-maker Nick Broomfield, who has turned people's refusal to talk to him into something of an art, was quick to make a fuss about threats to freedom of speech and expression when his new film *Kurt and Courtney* was withdrawn from the Sundance film festival in the US in January after threats of legal action from the surviving half of its two unsavoury subjects, the singer Courtney Love.**

The film, which deals with the relationship between Love and the late Kurt Cobain in the months leading up to the Nirvana star's suicide, had its premiere in London last week. It interviews a succession of scumbags, sleazeballs and hangers-on, including one drug-addled maniac, "El Duce", now dead, who makes the preposterous claim that Love once offered him $50,000 to kill Cobain.

When challenged on air last week by Radio 1's film reviewer, Mark Kermode, that including El Duce's wild claims, for which Broomfield agrees there is not the slightest evidence, might have been a tad irrelevant, not to say irresponsible, Broomfield threw a wobbly and walked out of the interview. Twice in the same week he was lined up to take part in what was likely to be a critical discussion about the film on *Newsnight* with film journalist Nigel Floyd, and twice he pulled out pleading tiredness.

Where, movie hacks are muttering, is Broomfield's love of freedom of speech now?

## Diana balls

"It is a truism that the public really do notice the standard of loo provided for them, so at Althorp it was decided not to stint on making them of the highest quality. Many people will see their day at Althorp almost as a pilgrimage on Diana's behalf, so Portaloos in the corner of the field would clearly be inappropriate."

— Earl Spencer, the *Times*
(submitted by Dawn Kelly).

"A weekend in a Welsh country retreat is being held for people who can't get over the death of Princess Diana. Therapists have been lined up to comfort people still struggling to come to terms with the tragedy... People going to the seminar are asked to bring a pair of scissors and newspaper pictures of Diana. One of the sessions will involve making a pinboard of pictures."

— *Western Mail*
(submitted by Paul Stevens and many others).

"The *Tab* recommends: The 'Diana' candle... Priced at $25 and available exclusively at Neiman Marcus throughout April, this keepsake combines various rosy scents, filling your entire home with the late princess's memory. One might say, 'It smells like Diana's spirit'."

— The *Tab*, newspaper in Newton, Massachusetts
(submitted by Bruce Demple).

# DOWN ON THE FARM

**FROM Northern Ireland comes a heartwarming story showing that cutting-edge farming research is not just about efficiency and profits, but can actually improve animal welfare too.**

Intensive pig production is already welfare-friendly, of course, but there has always been one small problem. The intelligent piggies do get bored spending their lives in bare concrete pens and become aggressive as a result.

On average they spend 10 percent of their time trying to eat the walls, and a full 23 percent in "harmful social behaviour", which mainly means chewing each other's tails off. Pig producers worry a lot about this, and during the 40-odd years of intensive rearing they have hoped and hoped that a solution would be found.

And now it has! Boffins at the Agricultural Research Institute in the province have made the amazing discovery that *pigs have a natural need to root*. A sack of old mushroom compost in a trough for them to root in and the tail-biting stops like magic, leaving the porkers as happy as pigs in, er, clover. Producers are now taking up the new technology in droves, which shows that they really do care about their animals' happiness.

PS: A bonus is the finding that allowing pigs to root greatly increases profits. Not only does it save on the treatment of mangled tails, but there is much less wastage of feed from rooting in the feed troughs, giving an overall gain of several pounds sterling per pig. Still, at a cost of only 25p a pig, producers would have done it anyway — wouldn't they?

**'Gumboot'**

*"I thought you modern farming folk had done that already!"*

# Down on the Fish Farm

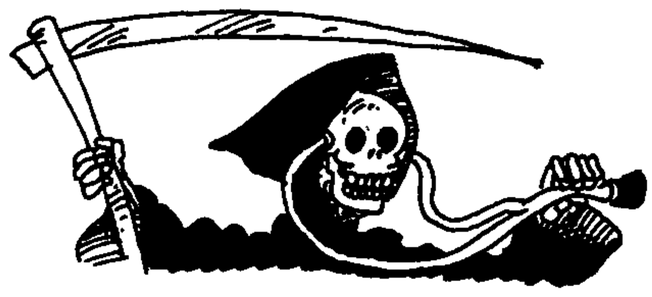
**THE Scottish Environment Protection Agency (SEPA) has responded to our report (*Eye* 948) that SEPA has never prosecuted a single fish farmer for anything.**

Councillor Jennifer Shaw, who chairs SEPA's North region, writes to say that SEPA *has* prosecuted a fish farmer in Shetland: Wadbister Offshore Ltd, which was fined £1,000 for the illegal use of the highly toxic chemical Cypermethrin to treat sea lice infestation.

The offence was in 1996 and charges were brought when the matter came under the jurisdiction of the Shetland Isles Council. SEPA was not formed until 1997. Still, technically speaking Coun Shaw is correct, SEPA has prosecuted one fish farmer. Quoted in *The Herald* last April, SEPA spokesman Andie Rose said: "We're pleased to see the court has taken action against this practice..."

Whoops! If only Wadbister Offshore had waited it could have saved itself a lot of trouble and money. For what Coun Shaw fails to mention is that SEPA is busy approving a flood of applications for discharge consent for a toxic chemical to treat fish farm sea lice. And the chemical? Cypermethrin, of course.

**'Old Trout'**



## DOING THE ROUNDS

**IN *EYE* 952 M.D. stated that no one had credited the *Eye* for repeatedly breaking the Bristol baby heart scandal story in 1992, three years before Joshua Loveday died and BBC Bristol finally sat up and took notice.**

In fact Rudolf Klein, professor of social policy at Bath university, wrote in the *British Medical Journal* (6 June 1998, p1742): "The role of non-exe cutive members of healthcare trusts has become an issue; their absence from the Bristol story is remarkable, especially given that stories in the satirical magazine *Private Eye* put the issue on the public agenda (a fact that should surely have alerted everyone that there was enough dissent among staff to persuade someone to leak information to the press)."

Professor Klein is to be complimented on the rigour of his research, although even he was unable to reference the relevant back copies (793, 797, 804).

The baton for sorting out this mess will soon be passed from the General Medical Council (GMC) to Prof Ian Kennedy, who chairs the public inquiry once health secretary Frank Dobson has decided on the width of the remit. It takes substantial inaction from many quarters (local doctors and managers, trust board members, the societies of cardiothoracic surgeons and cardiac anaesthetists, the Royal College of Surgeons, the department of health) to smother a scandal of such epic proportions for so long after it has been publicised, and Kennedy could well be kept busy into the next century.

In the meantime it's worth pointing out that the new paediatric cardiac surgery team in Bristol has mortality rates lower than the national average. For the first time in six years, I would allow my own children to be operated on there.

Irrespective of the Bristol inquiry findings, the government and GMC have committed themselves to imposing independent audit on the whole of the profession in an attempt to sort out financial and clinical mismanagement. The auditors would need widespread access to clinical records and, as it would be impossible to get every patient's consent for this, it may proceed without it.

Doctors are finding it difficult to argue against this without being accused of protectionism; but Marion Chester, legal officer for the Association of Community Health Councils for England and Wales, is in no doubt about the implications. "In my view, the practice of disclosing patient records without the consent of the patient to persons carrying out the audit exercise who are not involved in the treatment or care of the patient amounts to a breach of the legal duty of confidentiality." Law suits all round?

Scepticism too from the same Prof Ian Kennedy. On 8 March 1991 he wrote "I have been drawing attention to this problem for some long time now, both in the GMC and elsewhere. I am constantly met by arguments that since it is in the public interest to carry out audits, consequential breaches of confidence are necessary evils. I remain unconvinced..." It'll be interesting to see which side he comes down on after the Bristol inquiry.

***M.D.***

## SIGNAL FAILURES

### Focus on Stagecoach

**IF John Prescott's late-running transport white paper has any bite, the future of integrated transport will be orange, blue, red and white — the migraine-inducing colours of Stagecoach.**

The bus (and now train) giant's immensity is its reward for staying ahead of successive governments. If public transport is deemed to be the solution to Britain's road problems, then Stagecoach, with its big stake in Virgin Trains, will be better placed than any of its rivals to see the money roll in — regardless of the quality of services it provides.

Unlike, say, Marks & Spencer, Stagecoach did not grow big by attracting customers through the quality of its services. It exploited the shortcomings of bus deregulation, building a commercial empire in a declining market. Then it went on to exploit the shortcomings of rail privatisation. Indeed, if Stagecoach were another M&S, its "customers" on horribly overcrowded South West Trains might benefit from their services being run by a transport giant. But Stagecoach's rolling stock company (Rosco) doesn't use its spare carriages to ease SWT's overcrowding, which breaks the franchising director's generous limits. And Stagecoach has done little to coordinate local buses and trains, even though its rail franchise corresponds to its major southern bus territory.

SWT's aim is not of course to build customer loyalty by providing a good service. It is to collect subsidy cheques from the government and season-ticket payments from commuters who have no other transport option. As long as those mega-bucks flow in, who cares about fines totalling under £1m for all the poor punctuality, under-size trains and messed-up timetables of 1997-98? SWT knows how punctual its services must be for optimum profitability; its annual punctuality figures are consistently lower than the financially irrelevant "passenger's charter standard" — but just above the trigger for repayments to season-ticket holders. Funny that.

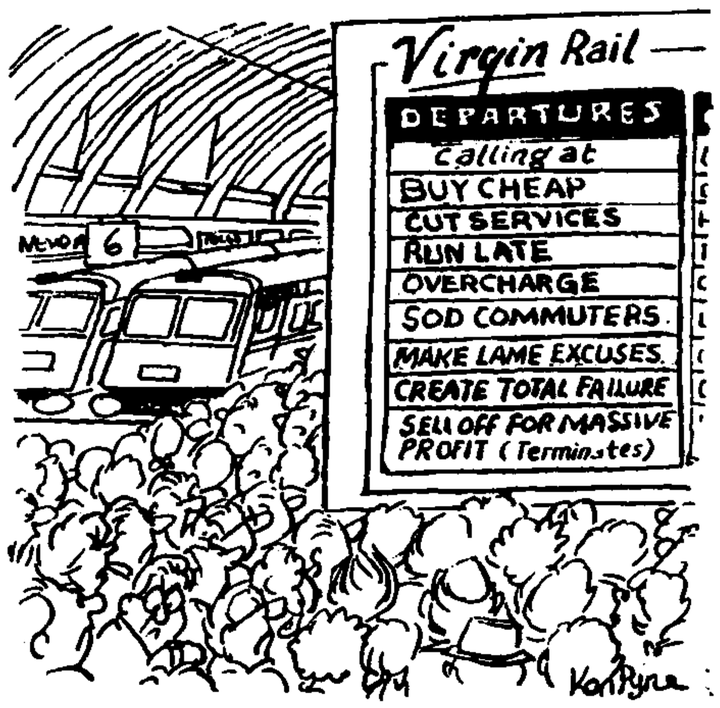
Stagecoach won SWT at the start of franchising but won no others apart from the pathetic Isle of Wight line (where punctuality has declined steadily). While other companies put in desperately cheap franchise bids which may land them in hot water, Stagecoach spotted the Roscos — unregulated and right up its street. It snapped one up for £826m, a bargain for a business with guaranteed income from longterm train leases. That Rosco, which generated a fantastic £80m profit on turnover of £180m in under a year, gives Stagecoach a torrential cashflow to underpin risks on franchise acquisition.

Two years later Stagecoach spotted another opportunity and made Richard Branson an offer he could not refuse. It pre-empted Virgin Trains' flotation by paying £138m for a 49 percent stake. The offer was made just days after Virgin's west coast upgrade deal (which includes bans on competition) had been officially endorsed. So the empire expands — again with minimal effort on Stagecoach's part.

The future may be bright for Stagecoach, but not for its customers. Prescott may opt for some regulation of buses, which might have prevented commercial atrocities in the past but by now can only consolidate Stagecoach's grip. He has already declined to regulate the Roscos meaningfully. Stagecoach may deserve credit for financing most of the recent train orders, but it has a powerful incentive: the other two Roscos are so sluggish that Stagecoach's Rosco should blossom into a legitimate monopoly as old trains are supplanted by Stagecoach-funded stock.

The other franchise holders must know Stagecoach is waiting in the wings for signs of trouble. The Merseyside franchise, where income is not linked to custom, would be especially attractive. Companies like National Express, with their eggs in one basket, may survive the duration of their franchise terms but could well be usurped in the next bidding round by a firm whose diversity of rail activities generates little benefit for the customer but unbeatable economies of scale for the treasury.

***'Dr B. Ching'***



# Rotten Boroughs

## Westminster

**WESTMINSTER council has secretly put aside half a million pounds to fund the legal bills of two councillors, Miles Young and Alex Segal, who were embroiled in the homes-for-votes gerrymandering affair.**

Although neither councillor is being surcharged by the district auditor (unlike their mentor, Dame Shirley Porter), they are fully implicated in the scandal.

Young was "aware of the party electoral reasons which prompted and influenced the decision to increase the number of designated sales", according to the DA; while Segal was "aware of the aim to devise council policies so that they are likely to increase the Conservative vote". Oh, and Segal wrote the illuminating document *How To Gerrymander*.

Oddly Tory Westminster is not putting too much effort into extracting the £27m surcharge out of Dame Shirley, its former leader. But if the council pays Segal's and Young's costs out of the secret fund, it could be sued for making *ultra vires* payments and members could face further surcharges.

## Glasgow

**SO farewell, then, Julian Spalding, Glasgow's former director of museums and art galleries whose job has been made obsolete in the bankrupt city's restructuring programme. He applied for a new £71,000-a-year post as director of culture, libraries, cemeteries and leisure, but failed to get the job.**

Instead Spalding pockets a £100,000 pay-off and a £30,000 a year pension. Money well spent, some will say, to get rid of a man who over the last decade has presided over the closure of Pollok House and the McLellan Galleries; the closure and sale of Haggs Castle; the destruction of the museum's conservation department; ruthless sackings and the demoralisation of those staff who have not left in disgust.

The only mystery is how this poseur got away with it for so long. Spalding never pretended to know much about art. And although he was English and never even deigned to live in Glasgow (he commuted from Edinburgh), he was politically adept and knew how to keep in with Glasgow's "old" Labour Philistine councillors by spouting populist proletarian rhetoric.

His great ally was council leader Pat Lally (now completely cleared of bringing his party into disrepute by a reluctant Labour party), so perhaps his long-overdue departure reflects the waning power of the now-disgraced lord provost. Still, the pay-off and pension should help keep him in the manner to which he has become accustomed.

PS: The new culture and cemeteries job goes to Bridget McConnell, wife of the former general-secretary of the Labour party in Scotland.

## North Lanarkshire

**SINCE news broke in May that North Lanarkshire's direct labour organisation (DLO) is £4.5m in the red, the council's Labour leader Harry McGuigan has repeatedly claimed he had no advance warning of the chaos and was as surprised as everyone else.**

Onlookers have accepted his word — until now. For SNP opposition councillors have just discovered that back in March 1997 deputy personnel convenor Jim Gordon commissioned staff to prepare a report on the DLO. They found bonus payments so out of control workers would have picked up between £5m and £6m more than they should have done.

The council officer who compiled the report, Alex Haggerty, has now spoken out having retired from the council. He claims that all 69 councillors and council directors knew of the findings. McGuigan, on the contrary, insists no one knew anything was amiss. He also brazenly claims that he was expecting direct works to make a £75,000 profit rather than a £4.5m deficit.

So who is to be believed? Investigators are looking at allegations that senior officials wanted to line the pockets of their pals who worked for the authority at the taxpayers' expense until they could get away with it no longer. The results of the inquiry will make interesting reading.

## Kensington & Chelsea

**"TRAFFIC jams are not a fitting tribute to Diana," says the Royal Borough of Kensington & Chelsea, trying to wriggle out of providing a memorial to the Princess of Wales in Kensington Gardens.**

The council argues that extra traffic will ruin the lives of residents. And the borough knows all about traffic. There are 28,500 residents' parking spaces in the borough. But the council has issued 40,769 residents' permits at £70 a throw. That's 12,269 cars and £858,830 a year for which the council provides... nothing.

## Isle of Wight

**FELIX HETHERINGTON, clerk to the Isle of Wight council, the pioneer unitary authority, has just returned from addressing a public meeting in Anglesey on how to set up a watchdog standards committee.**

However, he failed to tell his audience about his own credentials as an expert in standards in local government. As the council's monitoring officer, Mr Hetherington presided over the setting up of a standards committee which collapsed in disarray after its first case. One reason for this was that the committee was packed with leading members of the council hierarchy about which many complaints were (and still are) pending.

So successful was he that his clerk's post is being declared redundant by the council with effect from October. It is proposed that Mr Hetherington (a fiftysomething) should receive an incredible total of £107,710 of council taxpayers' cash as a severance package in redundancy and pension lump sum. His annual pension thereafter will be £25,000.

The Isle of Wight has the highest unemployment in the South of England at around 10 percent. Clearly senior officers who join the ranks of the jobless are not expected to suffer the indignity of living off quite so little public money as other Isle of Wight jobseekers.

# NEW OLD SAYINGS

### Better Lite Than Never

# Pseuds Corner

**It's really very clever. For a start, and at a stroke, they've taken that whole, slightly suspect Inger-land ideology and turned it on its head with the inspired Vin-da-loo. Furthermore, by canonising Vindaloo as an *English* icon, Fat Les is celebrating the magnificent diversity of New Britannia, and using a football chant to achieve it. With a cunning sleight of hand, they have raided the English Disguises Box and subverted the entire Cool Britannia ruse at a stroke.**

**KEVIN SAMPSON**
**Guardian**

I'm reading John Brewer's *Places of the Imagination*, which is all about 18th century culture and intellect. I relax in the 18th century. It was such an amazing time.

**TONY BANKS**
**"My Cultural Life", Guardian**

### My Life and Loves

*Frank Harris. And a syringe for afters.*

**MICHAEL HOFFMAN**
**Poem in *London Review of Books***

**Q: Which brings me onto my next question: we last met socially at 'An Evening with Javier de Frutos'. Why do the Arts Council and private foundations fund dancers who use their genitalia to make 'clacking' sounds and wouldn't more people be encouraged to attend live performances if more accessible pieces, for example by Andrew Lloyd Webber or Agatha Christie, were performed?**

A: First of all, clacking sounds terribly painful — I don't think we fund the genitalia as musical accompaniment! Javier is a very specific choreographer who has a lot to

say about the body, and he uses his naked body to get that message across. Other art forms draw on the nude without any controversy; look at Greek statues — they couldn't clack because they were immobile, but the genitalia is there for everybody to see. If everybody went around in the nude, it would be a bit boring. But if somebody feels very strongly that they want to use their body, has something to say about his body, and moves rather than stands still to be sculpted, then surely we have to recognise that is his right. And if it has relevance for the audience he performs for (and he performs to very good audiences), he shouldn't be victimised just for clacking his genitalia!

**Interview with Prue Skene, Chairman of the Arts Council Lottery Panel, in *Trust & Foundation News***

In this age of fast food, part of us hungers to reconnect with our ancient heritage.

As you pour this cereal into your bowl, consider that what you are about to eat is the direct legacy of 200 generations. For more than 5,000 years, farmers have cultivated the ancient grains blended into this meal and given thanks for its nourishment. Until very recently, agriculture and the celebration of life has [sic] been so intimately intertwined it's been impossible to separate them.

Join us in a historic relationship.

Bring a spoonful of Heritage® Muesli up to your mouth and enjoy an opportunity to preserve our agricultural genetic heritage, steward present day organic farming, and help develop a lasting culture for future generations.

With every delicious mouthful — the organic farmer, we the cereal blenders, you the eater and Nature herself become united in an intimate relationship with agriculture.

And in one small way, we all help reconnect our families with our food and this great land it's grown on.

**Heritage® Muesli box**

CONTRIBUTORS: Mat Jefferys, Keith Flett, Farrukh Dhondy, I. Ramm, A.J. Gibbings.

**£10 paid for entries**

# Letters

## Festering sore

*Sir,*

*The tasteless timing in the same week as his funeral is just one of the appalling features of your vicious and vindictive diatribe about Sir David English.*

*Although kicking when a man is down has always been a fearless feature of* PRIVATE EYE, *kicking one who is now dead plumbs the pits and maintains a uniquely dreadful style of heroic journalism.*

*Many journalists like myself worked for Sir David and admired his unmatchable professionalism. We treasure and respect his memory and I doubt many associated with him would recognise anything about him in your dire Diary or the unrepresentative mish-mash appearing under the terminally tragic heading "Here Lies Sir David English".*

*This is an appropriate moment for Fleet Street to impose the ultimate sanction and strike where it hurts with a mass cancellation of subscriptions.*

*That is something Sir David's* DAILY MAIL *managed to avoid despite enormous odds among which, incidentally,* PRIVATE EYE *came near last on its list of circulation-threatening critics.*

*Yours in conclusion*
*to a life-long readership,*
*BRIAN PARK,*

*Berkshire.*

## Lookalike

**Girl**

**TV Star**

*Sir,*

*I was wondering if any of your readers have spotted the quite remarkable resemblance between the inscrutable English au pair Louise Woodward and the famous BBC TV test card girl? I feel sure they must be related in some way.*

*Sincerely,*
*CHARLES ELLIS,*

*London SE8.*

## Charles atlas

*Sir,*

*Re: Alt'rp Tripe. Your "Advert of the Week" highlighting the Althorp Video Promo on the Beeb is well observed but spoiled by a worrying display of geographical ignorance. If an advertising copywriter were to describe Saint Diana's childhood home as "Just off the M40" he would surely struggle to obtain payment for his services since "any fule no" that Althorp is near Northampton, on the EAST side of the M1 and a considerable cross-country hike from the M40...*

*Yours, knowing my location*
*if not my place,*
*PAUL BLEZARD,*

*Via e-mail.*

## Crash victims?

*Sir,*

*Your piece about me in the last issue was bollocks. You finally admit that our programme on Princess Diana did not say there was any conspiracy to murder her — but you claim this was only because we had to drop an interview with former MI5 man David Shayler. As Shayler's view is that there was no conspiracy involving the British security services it's hard to see how an interview with him would advance this thesis.*

*I'm afraid the "MI5/MI6 conspiracy" theory was an invention by the Mail on Sunday before the programme was even transmitted, a fantasy then endlessly repeated by lazy journalists including your own Francis Wheen.*

*Your claim that ITV's head of current affairs Steve Anderson is for the chop to be replaced by his deputy, Marion Bowman, is even lazier. A simple phone call would have revealed that she in fact works at the BBC where she is managing editor in the entertainment department.*

*Yours,*
*RICHARD BELFIELD,*

*Producer, Diana — Secrets Behind The Crash, Fulcrum Productions Ltd.*

*Sir,*

*Steve Anderson took over from me when I left ITV to go to the BBC six months ago. So it is breathtakingly untrue to state, as you do, that I am:*

*a) his assistant commissioning editor and*

*b) an obvious candidate to replace him.*

*You just will not check your facts, will you, however many times people catch you out — which is very often. It reveals your motive to be mud-slinging. You are evidently happy to leave proper journalism to professionals in more rigorous and ethical environments like television.*

*Yours truly,*
*MARION BOWMAN,*

*Via fax.*

## Ban wagon

*Sir,*

*I wonder if the Dr Jack Cunningham who Gumboot reports (*EYE *953) is unable to ban the use of obviously dangerous OP pesticides because of "legal strictures", is in any way related to the Dr Jack Cunningham who is minister of agriculture in a government with a large enough majority to pass legislation banning anything it chooses, even if only minutely dangerous (beef on the bone, for example). I think we should be told.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*DAVID WRIGHT,*

*Donnington, Telford.*

## CAB rider

*Sir,*

*Good news for those employed by concessionaires in stores ("More Tales From the Arabian Nights",* EYE *953). Contrary to the advice given by your esteemed organ, they can in fact bring discrimination claims against the store. The case which decided this is known as Harrods Ltd v. Remick, ironically the store mentioned in your article.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*MICHAEL HARAN,*

*Chelsea Citizens Advice Bureau.*

## Staff relations

*Sir,*

*I see that* EUROPEAN *editor Gerry Malone has been severely reprimanded by his boss, Andrew Neill, for propositioning a woman journalist and then hitting her across the head when she ignored him. "Drunken advances ending in violence, no matter how intended, are a disgrace to someone in your position," Neill writes.*

*I understand that a photograph exists of a senior executive at the* EUROPEAN *demonstrating the correct method of handling a female colleague. If so, could you please publish it so that I could use it on one of my staff development courses?*

*Yours sincerely,*
*G. BOUQUET,*

*Littlehampton.*

## Demi divested

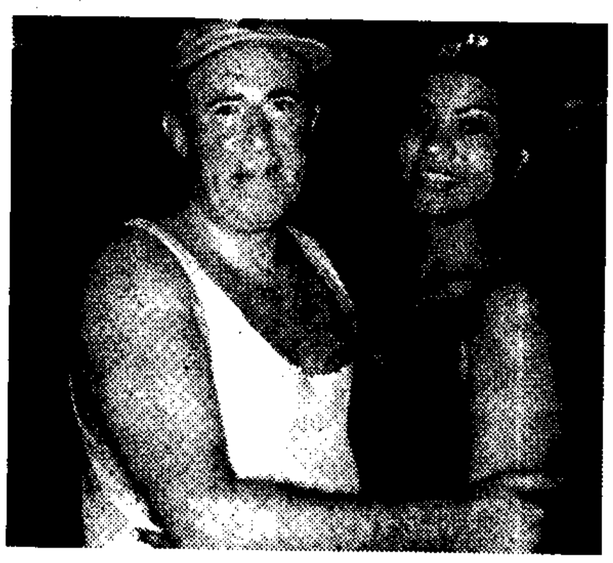
*Sir,*

*No doubt many of your readers were saddened by the news that the marriage of Bruce Willis and Demi Moore is, er, no more.*

*As a great admirer of Hollywood's hitherto golden couple, I was wondering if by any chance you had any photographs on file showing Mr and Mrs Willis supporting each other through happier times?*

*Yours sincerely,*
*BARRY NORMAL,*

*Isle of Sky.*



## Colonic irritation

*Sir,*

*Regarding the FO's inability to spell Indonesia's former president's name correctly (HP Sauce,* EYE *953): Soeharto, in Indonesian, is a somewhat archaic spelling of the name from Dutch colonial times. Not surprising from elitist mandarins but not incorrect.*

*IAN SMITH,*

*Via e-mail.*

## Complaint Lodged

*Sir,*

*In "Doing the Rounds" on 12 June M.D. claims that "Bristol has a very powerful body of medical Masons". What is his evidence for this?*

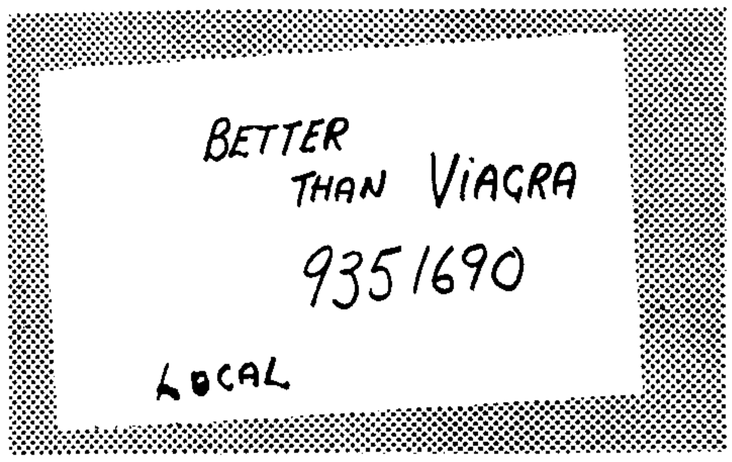
*He goes on to ask what role that body played in the cover-up. If he is implying that the three who were disciplined were Freemasons, he is wrong.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*J.W. DANIEL,*

*Grand Secretary, United Grand Lodge of England.*

## I-SPY

***Spotted in Soho phone box***
*(submitted by D. Stevens)*




## Tale docked

*Sir,*

*Seems a bit strange that your rag should, at this late stage, be taking an active interest in the dealings of the Mersey Docks & Harbour Co.*

*There was a recent little tiff that involved the MDHC that you may have missed, ie a dispute between the dock workers and the company that went on for a couple of years.*

*None of you, or the rest of the media, bothered to find out and report on the REAL reasons behind this dispute, that ruined and disrupted so many lives.*

*Yet you have time to champion a bloody wall! (Which IS still there by the way and not as reported... "it came tumbling down last month".)*

*At the end of the day the docks are the docks, not a working museum as your correspondent seems to want everything to be, however, organised labour on the docks has passed into the history books — something for which yourselves and the rest of the media can be justly proud that you had an (in)active hand in.*

*Well done.*
*JOHN WILDEN,*

*Southport, Lancs.*

## Lookalike

**Yelland**

**Marker**

*Sir,*

*Now that David Yelland has been appointed Editor of the* SUN, *will he still need to moonlight as Steve Marker of the appropriately named rock group* **Garbage***?*

*Regards,*
*ROBIN BENSON,*

*Southampton.*

## The Aggro continues...

*Sir,*

*Misinformed? Misinformed? More incredulous shite from Edward Spalton (Letters,* EYE *953)!*

*He still continues to maintain that "good quality meat and bonemeal is a wholesome feed ingredient". On what grounds does he base this assertion? Meat and bonemeal may well have been produced throughout the UK, but there is no logical justification for feeding it to animals who are strict HERBIVORES! Does Spalton not realise this?*

*In over 30 years of farming, I certainly have never fed any of my animals with bonemeal feed supplements, mainly because my cows quite sensibly prefer GRASS — of which there is an abundance in Ireland (both North and South) and consequently have* **never** *had a single case of BSE, unlike some farmers who have used meat and bonemeal feed! The fact that cases of BSE are* **lower in Ulster** *and even in the Republic compared with the UK mainland, bears this out.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*WILLIAM T. McCAULEY,*

*Cushendun, Co Antrim.*

*Sir,*

*As an organic farmer, I am utterly appalled by the statements in Edward Spalton's letter concerning animal feed (*EYE *953). He is obviously unaware of elementary biology. It is manifestly unnatural to feed cows, sheep, pigs and chickens with meat and bonemeal, even if it is "good quality" or even genetically engineered fodder as Monsanto are now planning to unleash on us.*

*As your agricultural correspondent "Marge" earlier pointed out quite correctly (*EYE *949), despite years of campaigning by the National Farmers' Union, the feed compounders always refused to disclose the ingredients of their feed for "reasons of confidentiality".*

*It is now ironic that after the BSE cat has got out of the bag, animal feed producers like Spalton are now openly admitting that their products are made from recycled animal remains. Would they have announced this before BSE began or indeed during the epidemic? I think not. An important fact to bear in mind in all of this is that the animal feeds industry, indeed the whole of the agrochemical sector, is still one of the most secretive of industries.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*ROBERT JOHNSON,*

*Chipping Sodbury, Wilts.*

## GPs needing treatment

*Sir,*

*I feel I must disagree with your statement that getting rid of the rubbish GPs would lead to an increase in hospital referrals.*

*I would say it would be quite the opposite. The 20 percent poor GPs you refer to are the ones who constantly fill up hospital clinics because they either haven't a clue what's wrong or lack clinical confidence and therefore refer for fear of future litigation.*

*RICHARD HARKNESS,*
*(4th Year Medical Student),*

*Via e-mail.*

## Bookworm turned on

*Sir,*

*If worms are sexless perhaps bookworms are brainless as well.*

*It is all very well to slag off Bee [sic] Campbell for her use of the Diana affair as an ideological clothes-horse, but is not Bookworm indulging in it a little itself. I too loved the equally bravura passage in Literary Review (*EYE *953) where it was suggested that Diana must have known exactly what she was getting into as she was "of age" and her father was a royal equerry. One might as well say that a teenage rape victim ought to have known better as she was over 18 and her dad was a policeman.*

*Affectionately yours,*
*STEVE SHARPLES,*

*Student Nurse, University of Plymouth.*

*PS: Diana was fab.*

## Treble entendre

*Sir,*

*I note with interest that three of the very small number of Tories who voted for lowering the age of homosexual consent are named Body, Bottomley and Goodlad. Is this at all significant?*

*Yours faithfully,*
*MICHAEL J.O. FOGARTY,*

*London SW1.*

## WorldCupballs

***£10 paid for contributions***

*"England bowed out of the World Cup with their heads held high last night..."*
**BRUCE MILLINGTON, Racing Post**
**(P.H. Cole)**

*"...he's made endless runs into that position."*
**RON ATKINSON, ITV**
**(Doug Marsden)**

*"And Seaman, just like a falling oak, manages to change direction."*
**JOHN MOTSON, BBC1**
**(Frank Masters)**

*"All the Paraguayan players sank to their feet..."*
**DAVID PLEAT, BBC1**
**(Michael G. Myer)**

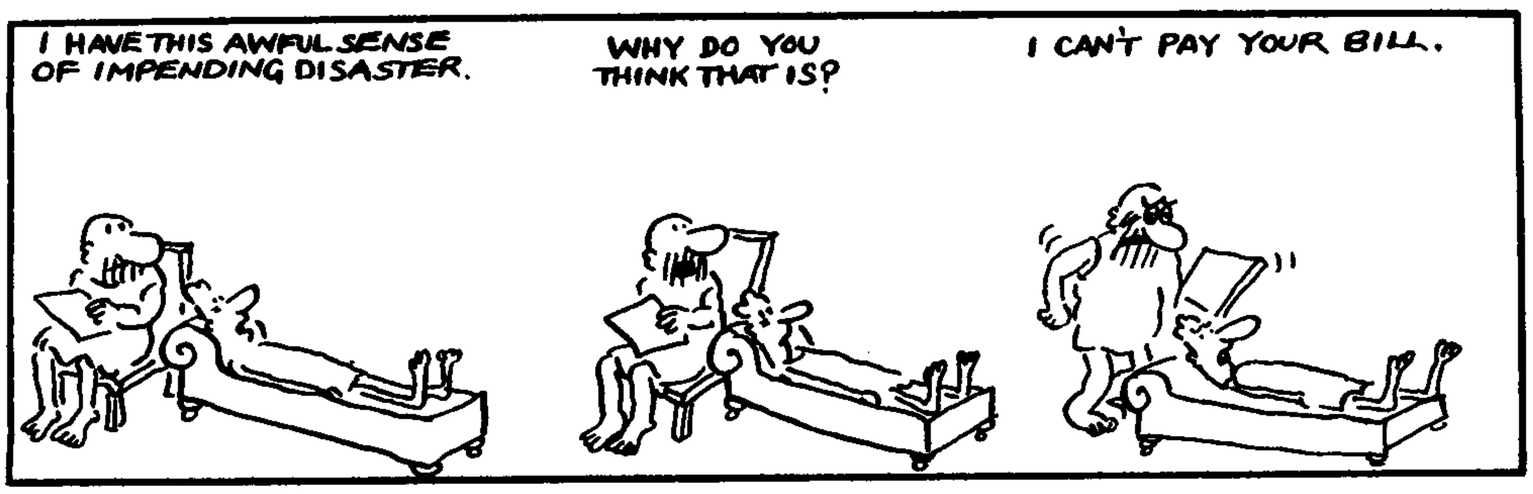
*"It was still moving when it hit the back of the net."*
**KEVIN KEEGAN, ITV**
**(Colin Cameron)**

*"That's the 34th time he's played for his country here tonight."*
**BRIAN MOORE, ITV**
**(Greg Perks)**

*"They [the Belgian team] were just standing around looking at each other, and that's no remedy for success."*
**CHRIS WADDLE, BBC1**
**(Douglas Howat)**

## HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



# FUNNY OLD WORLD

**"I have developed several methods to test the boys for virginity," Sipho Malinga explained, as he conducted examinations at Qhubimfundo Junior Primary School, in Northern Kwazulu Natal, "all of which are based on sound medical procedures. While my colleagues are checking that the girls' hymens are intact, I ask the boys to urinate without using their hands over a thin piece of wire strung a metre off the ground. Those whose golden stream passes over the wire are virgins, those who cannot do this fail the test.**

**"I have other methods too. First, I always check the foreskin. If it is hard, the boy is pure, but if it is soft he has surely been involved in wickedness. But the most certain test of all is to check the backs of a boy's knees. If there is an indentation behind the knee, that is a sure signof sexual activity. So far, I have tested 3,000 boys and have established that 1,352 of them are virgins. No one is forced to take the tests, but we offer the boys prizes including mint cake, toy watches, and plastic tumblers to encourage them to get involved. We also encourage them to stay home at night, to write poetry, praise God, become studious, and take part in sport. In this way they are kept occupied and forget about sex."** *(South African Sunday Times, 17/5/98. Spotter: Steve Collie)*

—o—

"Replies by Sheikh Abdul Aziz Bin Baz.

"Q. Do you wipe on the upper side of the socks or the lower side? I see many people wiping on the lower side, is that action correct? Fadil Muhammad Siddique, Madina."

"A. You should know that you only wipe on the socks when they are worn after an ablution is performed. If you are a traveller, you may keep them on for three days and three nights and if you are a resident the Prophet has granted concession to wipe over them for one day and one night except in case of seminal emission. But if you ease yourself or urinate, you still keep them on and wipe on the upper side or over the socks as the Prophet is reported to have been seen doing. Ali Ibn Abi Talib said 'if the religion were based on the discretion of the individual, then it would have been more important to wipe the lower side of the socks as compared with its upper side but I saw Allah's Messenger wiping the upper part of his socks.'

"Sheikh Abdul Aziz Bin Baz has spoken." *(Saudi Gazette, 5/6/98. Spotter: Anon)*

—o—

*"The accidents that befell these eight men happened during the recent celebrations to mark the fifty-second anniversary of the end of Japanese rule" a medical spokesman told journalists in Taiwan. "A mass tug-of-war contest was organised in the park with 1,600 contestants, 800 on either side. It*

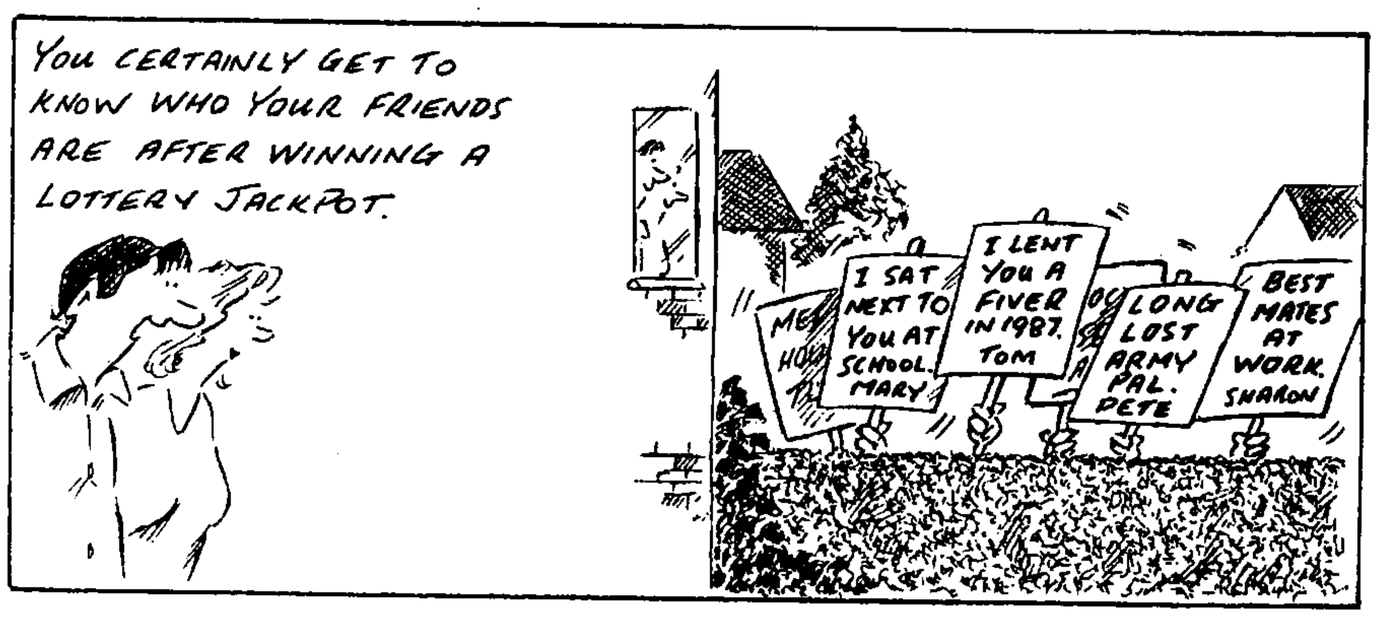
*seems that these eight men wrapped the rope around their left arms before the contest began, so they could get a better grip. But unfortunately the rope snapped seconds after the event started and, in the ensuing chaos, the men had their arms ripped out of their bodies. It was not a nice sight. Some onlookers vomited.*

*"All the injuries were very similar, and there was some difficulty in ascertaining which arm belonged to which man, so yes, we may initially have sewed some of the wrong ones on. However, we were quick to remedy the errors once they were pointed out to us, and we are now fairly certain that we have reattached all the arms correctly. This sort of activity has to stop."* (Hospital Doctor, 30/4/98. Spotter: Dr Alan Cohen)

COMPILED BY **VICTOR LEWIS-SMITH**

## *The Lottery Winners*

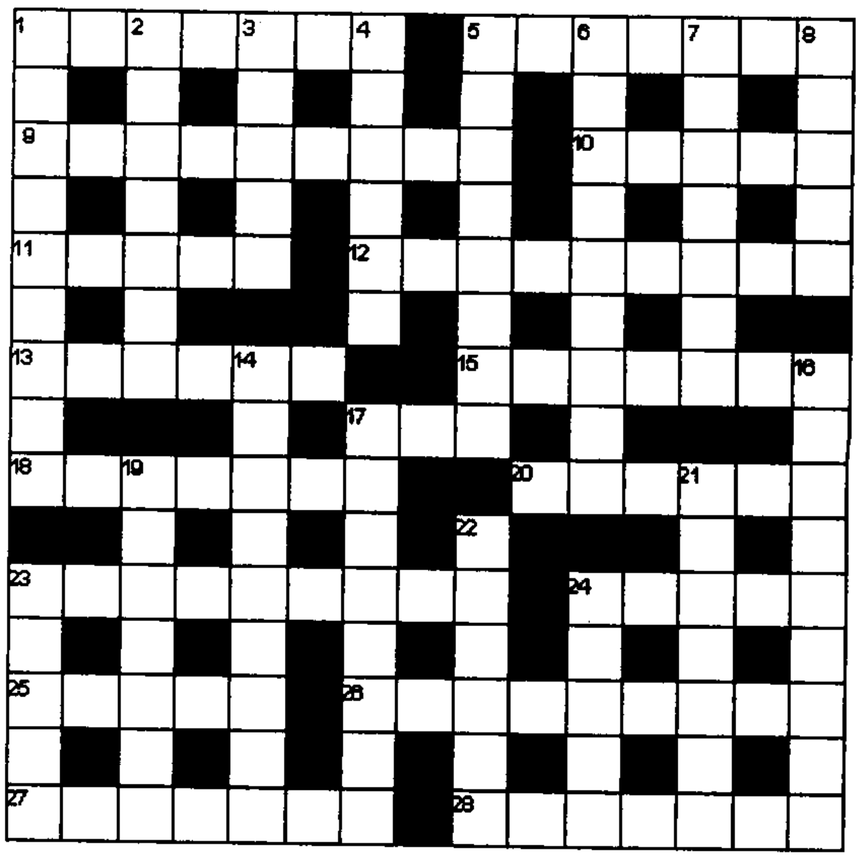
TURNER


YOU CERTAINLY GET TO KNOW WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE AFTER WINNING A LOTTERY JACKPOT.
I SAT NEXT TO YOU AT SCHOOL. MARY
I LENT YOU A FIVER IN 1987. TOM
LONG LOST ARMY PAL. PETE
BEST MATES AT WORK. SHARON

## EYE CROSSWORD 109

by Cyclops

*£100 prize*



ACROSS

1/14 Can it be floppy, about to get limp? That's a change for ministers! (7,9)
5 Bush gobbling hack in the chamber (7)
9 Encouragement from luvvie to give member a good bashing (5,1,3)
10 (see 19)
11 Tackle, given one's primitive impulses, gets really stiff (5)
12 One beer ain't enough to make you a piss-artist (9)
13 Cross-makers to whom Blair is mightily indebted? (6)
15 Prostitute, grotesque creature, goes to work (7)
17 Grass stashed by Harry Enfield! (3)
18 Topless Geri opts out of comeback (7)
20 (see 19)
23 Sex addict gives poor head because acceleration and speed are sacrificed (9)
24 Corporation developer dripping with cash transferred regularly into account (5)
25 Pop singer and his unlikely role – getting rid of Heath (5)
26 The politician who makes a bird simmer? (5,4)
27 The tale about Linford Christie? (7)
28 Got into a relationship, produced a whopper – but is a mess inside (7)

DOWN

1 One who gives way when stupid bird squeezes in? Not this road-user, surely! (3-6)
2 Pot makes you piss good in Hamburg (4,3)
3 Blasted Brian finally gets Duke out! (5)
4 Audible feature of Taki, long befuddled with amphetamine (6)
5 The French loaf about but get a shove ultimately (8)
6 (see 22)
7 Eccentric applies rum to testicle, ... (7)
8 ... setter's unique organ and bollocks (2,3)
14 (see 1ac)
16 Sixties/seventies house on Strand journalist secured (9)
17 Flipping Brenda has duty to restore power (8)
19/10/20 Do a Murdoch (so getting on the road to hell) to get a quote (7,3,2,6)
21 The things MPs debate: getting a new leader – idle fancies? (7)
22/6 Talk of sudden evacuation? (6,9)
23 Once the party bloke's summer place? (5)
24 Ffion, in the event of backing out, has lawyer Henry (5)

**£100 prize to first solution opened on 17.7.98. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.**

## Solution to Crossword No. 108

**Winner: R. EDWARDS**

ACROSS: 1 Coil 3 McGonagall 10 Bonkers 11 Debrief 12 Millennium bug 15/17 Gulf War Syndrome 16 Kashmir 19 Pop idol 21 Bent cop 22 Reign of Terror 27 Mascara 28 Mammoth 29 Ram-raiding 30 Stop.

DOWN: 1 Cuba 2 Ian Hislop 4 Costner 5 Old Nick 6 Album 7 Adieu 8 (see 26) 9 Newly-wed 13 Egypt 14 Grope 17 (see 15) 18 Microsoft 20 Leotard 21 Batsman 23 Epsom 24 Ghana 25 Emir 26/8 Shoplift.

# The History Of The Drumcree March

by TV's **Charles Moore**

**1648**
Battle of the Bog. Forces loyal to King William of Oranjeboom are routed by the Spanish Army of Don Portillo.

**1671**
Siege of Ballymurdagh. Orange marchers commemorating the Battle of the Bog storm the citadel of Bloddeegh Sonday under Dutch captain, the Duke of Bergkamp.

**1701**
Thanksgiving Service in Drumcree Church is followed by the burning down of the village post office (prop. Mother O'Carey).

**1784**
Birth of Ian Paisley.

**1785**
Paisley learns to march and leads Apprentice Toddlers through Catholic village of Armaghlite where they burn effigy of Pope Igniteus IV.

**1786-1997**
Annual March of the self-styled "Orange-Mentals" to commemorate the Battle of the Somme *(Somme mistake surely? Ed.)*

**1998**
Orangemen go through to meet British Army in final of the World Cup *(That's quite enough history. Ed.)*

*©The Daily Telegraph.*
*Prop. Conrad Blackandtan.*

**Film Highlights**

# Reservoir Bogs

WARNING: THIS FILM CONTAINS SCENES OF EXTREME VIOLENCE

*"Right Mum. We're off to church"*

**TV Highlights** BBC 9.00pm

# Death Has Us Parted

*(Black and white pictures of East End. Cut to Alf Garnett sitting in chair holding Daily Mail with headline "Johnny Speight Dead")*

**Alf** *(for it is he)*: That's bloody typical of your BBC, innit? I mean, the funniest scriptwriter they ever 'ad and they don't even say he's snuffed it on the bleedin' news! Instead, you get a load of codswallop about bloody poofs paradin' all around London! That's the BBC for yer, silly nine o'clock moos *(That's enough Alf. Ed.)*

# That Durham University Honorary Degree Citation In Full

CAROLUS PRINCEPS GALORUM SALUTAMUS ORGANICUS AGRICULTORUM MEDICINUS ALTERNICUM ET CARBUNCULUS STRUCTORES INTERLOCUTUS AD FLORUM ET ARBORUM LUNATICUS AMATOR NEDDIUS SEEGOONIS ET MILLIGANIS PINGENDO AQUA COLORIBUS PISSPOORUS CUM SCRIBENDO HORRIBILIS LIVRIS PUERILIS SENEX LOCHNAGARE ETCETERA PARTNERUS INTIMATUS FORNICATUS CAMILLA TAMPAX VOBISCUM *(CONTINUENDUM AD PAGINA XCIV)*

# ST ALBION PARISH NEWS

*Incumbent: Rev. A.R.P. Blair MA (Oxon)*

Hullo!

Well, what on earth can I say?

In times of real national tragedy, even the strongest faith can be sorely tested!

How could God, I am sure many of you are wondering, have allowed young David Beckham to do anything so silly!

But there is an important lesson for us all to learn here. Because, you know, in any team, however carefully it has been selected, and however well it has been managed, there is always going to be someone who lets the side down.

Even here at St Albion's there are team members who, just as things are going really well (much better than 2-2!), suddenly let you down with a display of petulance and arrogance, which weakens the whole team effort.

Of course, the man I feel sorry for in this sort of situation is the manager!

Glenn Hoddle warned Gordon Brown any number of times to keep his feelings to himself and to control his temper. But the headstrong youngster thought he knew better, and ended up provoking an undignified and unnecessary squabble which leaves us all the losers (and not on penalties either!).

On a completely different note, may I just say how sick and tired I am of all the rumours which have been put round the parish recently about how I am supposed to be having some sort of a row with our highly-respected and very successful church treasurer, Mr Beckham.

I want you all to know that Gordon does a superb job, even if sometimes he doesn't want to keep us in the picture on all he is up to, and it may look from the outside as though the books don't balance!

I've seen him burning the midnight oil many a time, wearing himself into

the ground in the service of the parish, until sometimes I wonder whether he may not, for his own good, have to take early retirement!

What a loss he would be to our team. But it must be remembered that there are always talented subs waiting on the bench to come on, and no member of any team is indispensable (apart from the manager, obviously!).

And, finally, continuing with the footballing analogy, I will be posting a few changes in the St Albion's team some time this month. Keep watching the church noticeboard!

And, remember, if you're dropped, it's no reflection on your ability, Harriet or Chris! As it says in the Bible, "The first shall be first, and the last shall be last" *(Book of Job Losses, 8.16)*.

Yours,

Tony

## You Write...

*Dear Sir,*

*Could I use your columns to thank everyone who has written to congratulate me on my recent honour? But I would like to make it clear that I hope parishioners will not treat me any differently from the way they always have done, and will continue to address me as plain "Melve"!*

*Yours faithfully,*
*Lord Bragg of Wigton, (the People's Peer!), Southbank Road.*

## To Remember In Your Prayers

Young William Hague, who has had to take a lot of time off school recently because of his sinus operation. We all wish him a very full and slow recovery! T.B.

## Parable Of The Week

*And there were a number of new labourers toiling in the vineyard. And, lo, it was all going well and the economy was in good shape. But the labourers heard rumours that bad years lay ahead. And they began to murmur one to another and talked themselves into a recession. The moral's pretty clear, isn't it?!*
*Let's all stay positive, and even if we have our doubts about the way our own vineyard is going, let's keep quiet about it and it won't happen! T.B.*

## A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHURCHWARDEN MR MANDELSON

*As you may have heard, I may shortly be given an enhanced role in the running of the parish. I cannot, obviously, say anything about this, as it is entirely a matter for Tony. But if the vicar feels that it would be helpful for me to oversee the work of other PCC members like, say, Mr Brown, or Mr Brown, I shall be only too happy to play my modest part! P.M.*

## NOTICES

●**Tony and Cherie** held a very successful "Arts Evening" at the vicarage last Tuesday, with an impressive turnout of luminaries from our local "serious Arts scene". There were representatives from the St Albion's Sinfonietta, the Ivor Novello Appreciation Group, the Gilbert and Sullivan Society, the Watercolour Club, the St Albion's Ladies' Literary Circle and many other worthwhile local groups. So much for all those who say that the Vicar's only interested in young people and pop music (though he is of course interested in that as well!).

## +++ Very Important Announcement! +++

*There are rumours circulating in the parish that you can get to see the vicar and other top PCC officials much quicker if you send a donation to parish funds via Mr Mandelson's friend, Mrs Dolly Draper. This is entirely untrue and pretty hurtful to Tony, as it suggests he is no different from the disgraced former incumbent, the Rev John Major (***Not** *M.A. Oxon like Tony, by the way!).*

*Let us make it absolutely clear that no one gets special access to Tony or a sneak preview of his sermon just by putting money into the collecting box in the vestry marked "FAST TRACK". Everyone in the parish has an equal right to Tony's time (or Gordon's if they* **really** *want to! T.B.) and, to prove it, anyone who suggests otherwise will be denied any chance of meeting the vicar ever again. P.M.*

THE NATIONAL

# Diana, Princess of Wales

MUSEUM AND GALLERY

# OFFICIAL GUIDE

*(all profits to the Earl Spencer Memorial Trust, Capetown, SA)*

## Room One — The Early Years

*Exhibits include:*

1 teddy bear, of the type the young Diana may well have owned, slightly chewed.

1 Hornby 00 Train Set, the property of Earl Spencer, with the words "This is my toy, keep off or I will burn your teddy" inscribed in crayon on box.

1 copy *The Ladybird Book of Nice Dresses*, by Roy Strong, inscribed "To darling Diana with love from Dame Barbara Cartland, Christmas 1995".

## Mezzanine Gallery

A video will play on constant loop showing an 8mm home movie of the young Earl Spencer frightening his sister (age 6) with a dead mouse.

## Room Two: The Transitional Phase

*Exhibits include:*

A number of coloured posters from the early 1970s, of the type which Diana might have purchased in her teenage years, showing Mr David Essex, Mr David Bowie and the Bay City Rollers. A recording of Mr Donald Osmond singing "Puppy Love" evokes the period.

## Room Three: From Bride To Icon

*Exhibits include:*

1 Commemorative Wedding Mug, slightly chipped, bearing portraits of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and the bastard who let her down so badly.

## The Shoe Gallery

A collection of over 3,800 pairs of shoes won by Diana, the Princess of Wales on ceremonial occasions, including the 1988 State Visit to Britain of the Rolling Stones, and dinner at Lorenzo's with HRH the Grand Duchess Fergiana of Yorkie Bar and this American she met at a party.

## Room Four: The Earl's Sister

1 copy of *Hello!* magazine, containing historic interview with the Rt Hon The Earl Spencer, accompanied by many coloured pictures showing the Earl showing us round his delightful home.

Closed-loop video recording of Earl Spencer's historic interview with TV's Sally Magnusson (generously made available by Lord Wahid Boy of Planet Street-Porter Productions).

1 photocopy of personal letter to Lord Spencer from his close personal friend Mr Darius Guppy, on lined writing paper carrying the crest and letterhead of Her Majesty's Open Prison, Ford.

1 stuffed and mounted head of Hackebeest (S. African journalist) personally shot by the Earl while attempting to restrict coverage of his divorce proceedings.

## Souvenir Shop

*Among the millions of commemorative items personally approved for sale by the Earl Spencer are:*

- Novelty doorstop in shape of land mine.
- "Fitness Leotard" bearing picture of late Princess.
- "Diana" showergel and conditioner pack.
- Children's Aids-Ribbon tattoo set, fully washable.
- Matching Elton John wig and glasses joke set.

★ PLUS free scented copy of Daily Mail (choice of fragrances: Money, Money and More Money).

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THE TIMES FRIDAY JULY 10 1998

# COREN AT 60

There will be few more momentous landmarks in the world this year than the 60th birthday of Mr Alan Coren, humourist, sage and chronicler of the now legendary London suburb of Crinklybottom *(Check this, will you? Ed.)*.

It seems like only yesterday that Mr Coren's column opened with the immortal words "Lawks a mercy, Mrs Farthingale, look what missive has just plopped upon the familial doormat, narrowly missing the household moggie, one Nathaniel Hawthorne to boot, which article of footwear one customarily employs to dispatch the aforementioned feline through the midnight door, before one retires to one's well-earned repose up close-carpeted wooden hill to Bedfordshire, shortly to be re-named the Borough of Slumberland by those set in authority over us, and Gawd bless them every one."

And indeed it was only yesterday that he filed these incomparable words, which he will file again next week until, as he might inimitably put it himself, the "ruminant quadrupeds, wend their weary way to their apportioned domiciles".

*"Bert hasn't always been with giraffes – he used to be with rabbits..."*

THE Sun

Friday, July 10, 1998 28p DEDICATED TO THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN

# Is THIS the most pathetic man in Britain?

## PAGE ONE OPINION

**IT IS the question we never dreamed we would ask.**

But we have been forced to think the unthinkable.

Is our editor David Yelland the most dismal creep ever to edit a national newspaper?

Just look at him!

Two days ago he said Tony Blair was fantastic.

Yesterday he said Tony was the most dangerous man in Britain.

What planet do you think you're on, Mr So-Called Yelland? The planet Moron? Or is it just the planet Murdoxxx?

Whichever it is, the Sun says "Get back in your spaceship, Baldie, and go home!"

## ON OTHER PAGES

● We was robbed! — Sun World Cup verdict p. 6

● String up the ref! — p. 9

● The Belgrano Lovelies — Melinda Messenger and Co take their kit off and remember the night we sunk the Argies!

# FOOTBALL TEAM PLAYS GAME

## OTHER SIDE WINS

by **Our Entire Staff**

**A FOOTBALL team lost a game last night, when the team they were playing against ended up scoring more goals than them.**

The country immediately went into a period of official mourning led by the Prime Minister who praised the football team for scoring nearly as many goals as the team who won. *(Reuters/A.P.)*

## On other pages

Read top football writers like William Rees-Mogg, Anatole Kaletsky, Mary Ann Sieghart, Peter Ridell and Peter Stothard on England's Day of Tragedy.

# LAWRENCE ENQUIRY DISRUPTED BY 'SINISTER MEN IN DARK UNIFORMS'

by Our Crime Staff **Ray Cyst**

**A QUASI-MILITARY brotherhood of extremists yesterday tried to take over the inquiry into the murdered teenager Stephen Lawrence.**

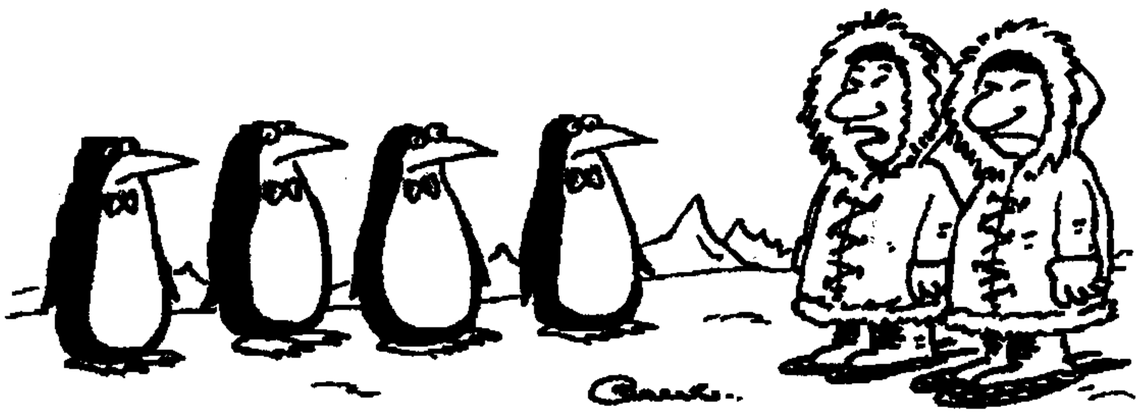
The so-called "Nation of Knacker" who dress in smart dark blue uniforms with identical ties made repeated attempts to pervert the course of justice.

"They are fanatics," said one furious court official. "Their presence here is helping no one. They have just appeared in silence in the witness box and looked menacing."

### Non-PC

However, a spokesman for the "Nation of Knacker" said: "We have done nothing wrong. In fact, we have done nothing at all. That is why the killers are still free."

He continued: "This is a serious matter of racism. And we want to join in."



*"I didn't know the nation of Islam had a branch out here"*

# Our Heroes Robbed By Argies

## HOW GUTTED WERE YOU?

### Test Your Guttedness Against the Eye's Guttometer

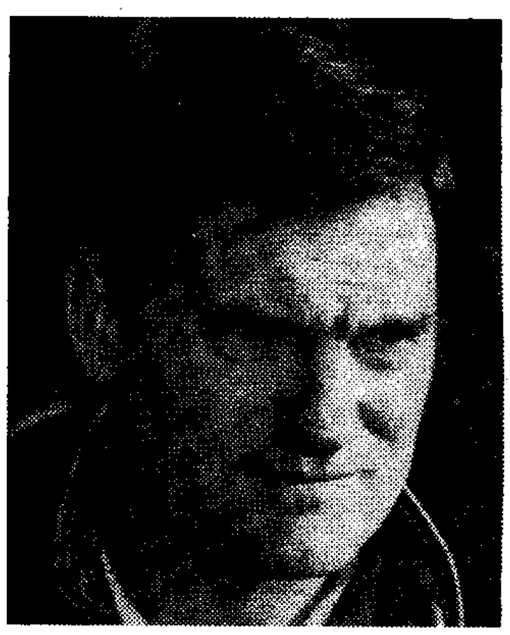
**1. You were unable to stand up for a week, but just sat there in your chair saying "I am gutted".**

**2. You threw up your take-away vindaloo in utter disgust at Beckham's unfair sending off.**

**3. You were so gutted you needed to phone the Samaritans for immediate counselling.**

**4. You immediately went out to find some Argies to beat up.**

**5. You looked up the referee's address on the internet in order to plan his murder.**



**6. You put in a special order for 100 copies of the Sun hoping to read that England had won after all.**

**7. ...er...**

**8. ...we are too gutted to think of any more.**

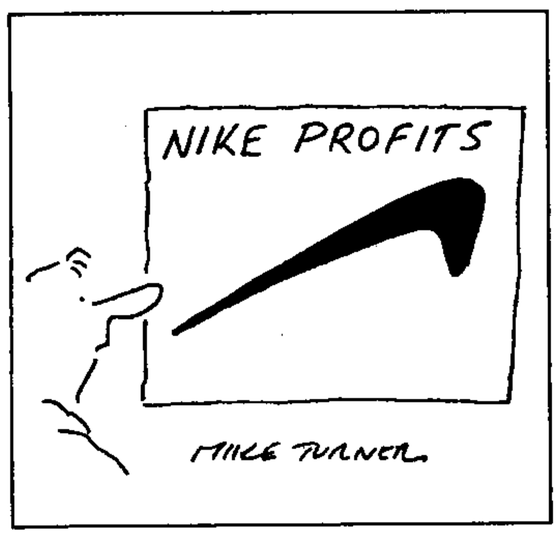
Ring now on the special Eye-Gutline to tell us just how gutted you feel. 0898-212121.

The most gutted reader wins tickets for World Cup Final, England v Henman.

# GLENDA SLAGG

[redacted]

**OI, BECKHAM! Do us all a favour mate and string yourself up!! I don't know anything about football, but it doesn't need an expert to see that you've driven 56 million people into an early grave!!! Fancy lashin' out at that helpless Argentinian?!?!? Gawd alone knows what you were dreamin' of in your moment of madness, Mister Stoopido??!! Who do you think you are a-prancin' and a-dancin' and in yer silly red boots with your silly blond hair?!?!?? Here's Glenda's red card — and a piece of rope!! Geddit??!!!?**




POOR David Beckham!!! Why's everyone got it in for him?!?!? All he did was give an Argie a little tap with his toe!!! Anyone would think he'd sunk the Belgrano (which Maggie was dead right to do in Auntie Glenda's book, Mister)?!!??

The one who should be strung up is the Dopey Dane with the weedy whistle?!!? (©The Late Danny Kay, "The Court Jester", Certificate U, starring Basil Rathbone, Angela Lansbury and Cecil Parker.) I mean the ref, stupid!!! Say what you like, Beckham did us proud and certainly added a bit of spice to the proceedings!!! Geddit?!?!??? I'm sure Miss Posh will when he gets home?!?!?

*FAY WELDON Don'tchaluvher???? She's the naughtiest novelist who had the guts to stand up and say what we all know to be true — a bit of rape never did any gal any harm!??!??! Wel-done, Fay!! (Geddit?!?)*

FAY WELDON — Aren'tchasickofher??? She must need her head examined!! Fancy saying that women enjoy being raped!?! What a wicked witch who gives women a bad name and gives men the green light to go out and rape every woman they meet??! Here's a bit of rope, Fay — Rope never did anyone any harm (Geddit??), so go and string yourself up (You've done this one. Ed.)

*SEEN Whistle Down The Wind??? Me neither. Great Show!!*

HERE they are, Glenda's Golden Goolies:

● **LORD ALDERDICE** — Northern Ireland's bearded broth of a boy — I wouldn't mind an alliance with you (geddit?!?) at my party?!? (Geddit!!)

● **DAVID BATTY** — I'll help you score, Big Boy, don't you worry!! Best of 5?!?! Geddit?!?

● **BRUCE WILLIS!** — Demi Moore means worse!! (Geddit??) Come and Die Hard round at my place??!?!

**Late News**

## ENGLAND TEST MATCH LOSS

**THOUSANDS of disappointed cricket fans were yesterday left to contemplate another sad loss, as the home team (the BBC) once again collapsed in the face of some hostile Australian lobbying.**

One spectator commented: "I blame the so-called 'third way' umpire for this shameful performance — it appeared that he was continually signalling to the official in the middle (a Mr Smith) as to when he should give in to the Australian's various appeals. It simply isn't cricket any more — not unless you have a valid smart card."

The losing management team spoke later: "I'm afraid we were always going to struggle after the Australian started producing such massive totals as £20m for 1 year, and £50m for 3 years (plus extras). Still, at least we have the World French Cricket Cup from Camber Sands to look forward to next summer — live and exclusive on BBC."

# POETRY CORNER

**In Memoriam Benny Green, jazz legend**

So. Farewell then
Benny Green.

"It was in 1929
That Monty Yipstein
Penned the legendary
'Hullo Mr Cuckoo'

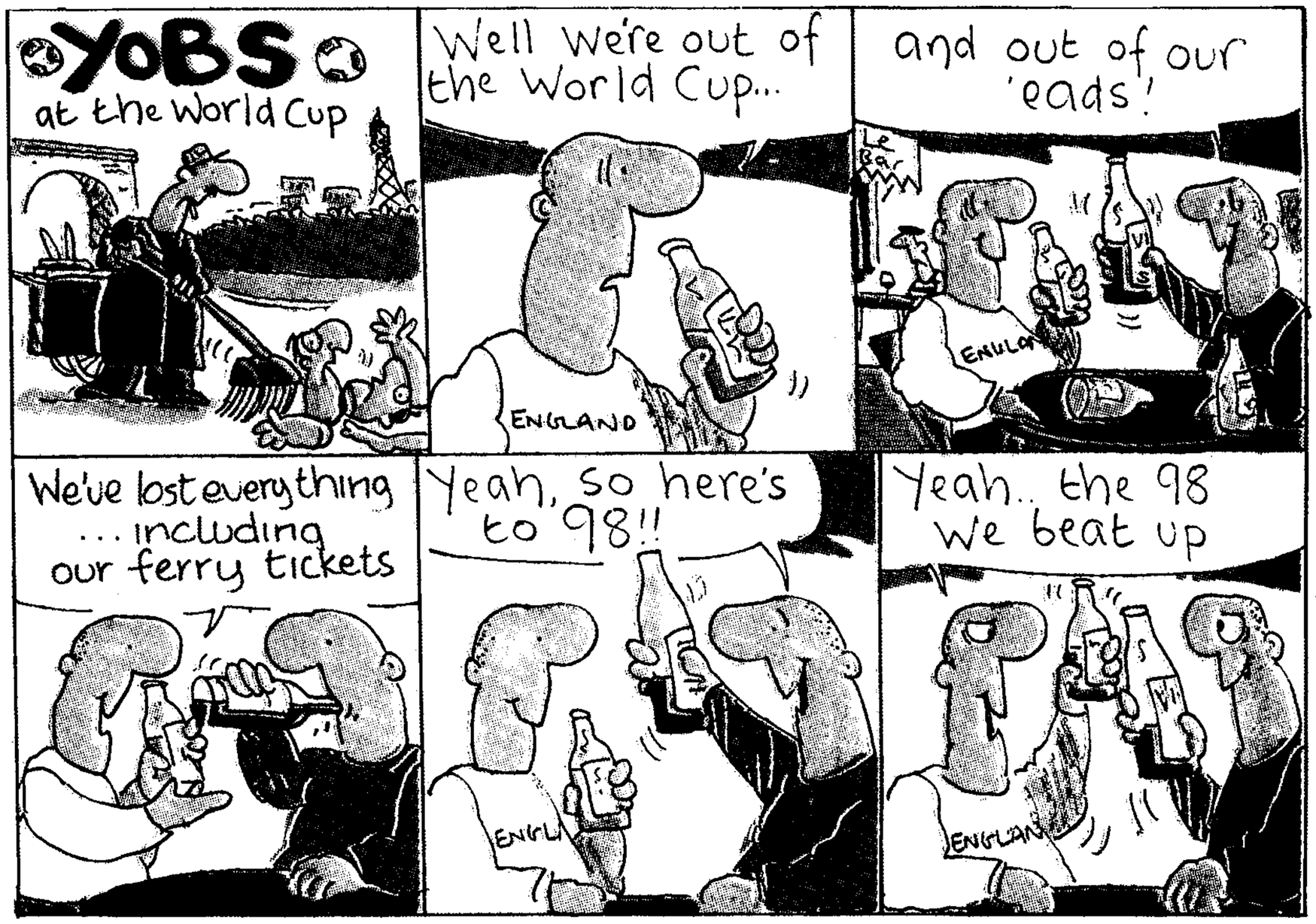
"Later made famous
By the 1933
Solly Moonshine
Recording,

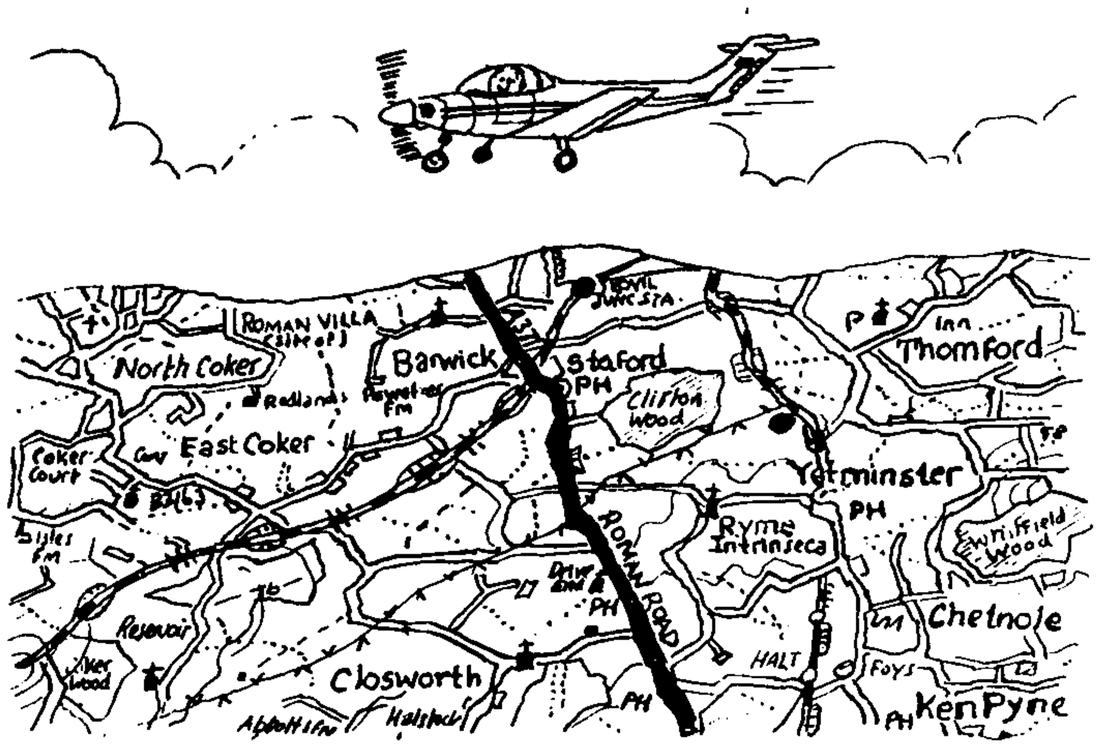
"Featuring Cooty
Moorhen on
Valve trumpet."

That was your
Catchphrase.

Well, some of it,
Anyway.

E.J. Thribb (17fi rpm)


YOBS at the World Cup
Well we're out of the World Cup...
and out of our 'eads!
We've lost everything ...including our ferry tickets
Yeah, so here's to '98!!
Yeah.. the '98 we beat up




ADVERTISEMENT

**You Too Could Be Rich!!!**

MANY people will have experienced severe trauma after watching the England football team being knocked out of the World Cup competition. But did you know that you are entitled to claim compensation for any psychological damage caused by this stressful ordeal?

Were you, for example, unable to turn up for work the following day? Did you suffer from any of the following: headache, nausea, depression, room going round?

If you had any of these symptoms, write to us at once, and our firm of highly-experienced lawyers will help you to sue those responsible for millions of pounds in damages. And don't worry, all fees will be paid by Legal Aid.

So, don't miss out on what could be the most lucrative bonanza since the arrival of the lottery.

**Sue, Grabbit and Runne, Solicitors and Commissioners of Oaths, PO Box 94, Welwyn Garden City.**

# 'THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN FAY WELDON' Radio Times' Shock Claim

by **Women's Libby Purvis**

**THE *Radio Times* provoked a storm of protest yesterday when it claimed Fay Weldon was not the worst thing that could happen to someone.**

A piece in the magazine suggested that although Fay Weldon was of course shocking, unpleasant and deeply offensive, there were "worse things in life".

The magazine went on to claim that Jeanette Winterson, for example, was "infinitely more ghastly" and that "Let's face it, you've got to be grateful if you don't suffer from Julie Burchill."

But those who have experienced Fay Weldon reacted furiously claiming that the magazine was "belittling their trauma".

Said one anonymous reader of her work, "I can promise you that there is nothing you can imagine that comes anywhere near the horror of Fay Weldon. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise."

Fay Weldon is 68 and looking for publicity.

# Report accuses Royal Opera House of 'arrogance and elitism'

—•—

## Report also alleges that Pope is Catholic

—•—

## Report further claims that bears may well defecate in woods

by Our Opera Staff **Val Kyrie and Dee Fledermaus**

**IN A sensational investigation into the bleeding obvious (surely "State of Affairs at Covent Garden"? Ed.) the distinguished theatrical director Sir Richard Eyre has reached the startling conclusion that the bankrupt Royal Opera House is a large building that puts on opera and loses money.**

The 994 page report which took Sir Richard a year to complete has come up with some revolutionary ideas to solving the current crisis.

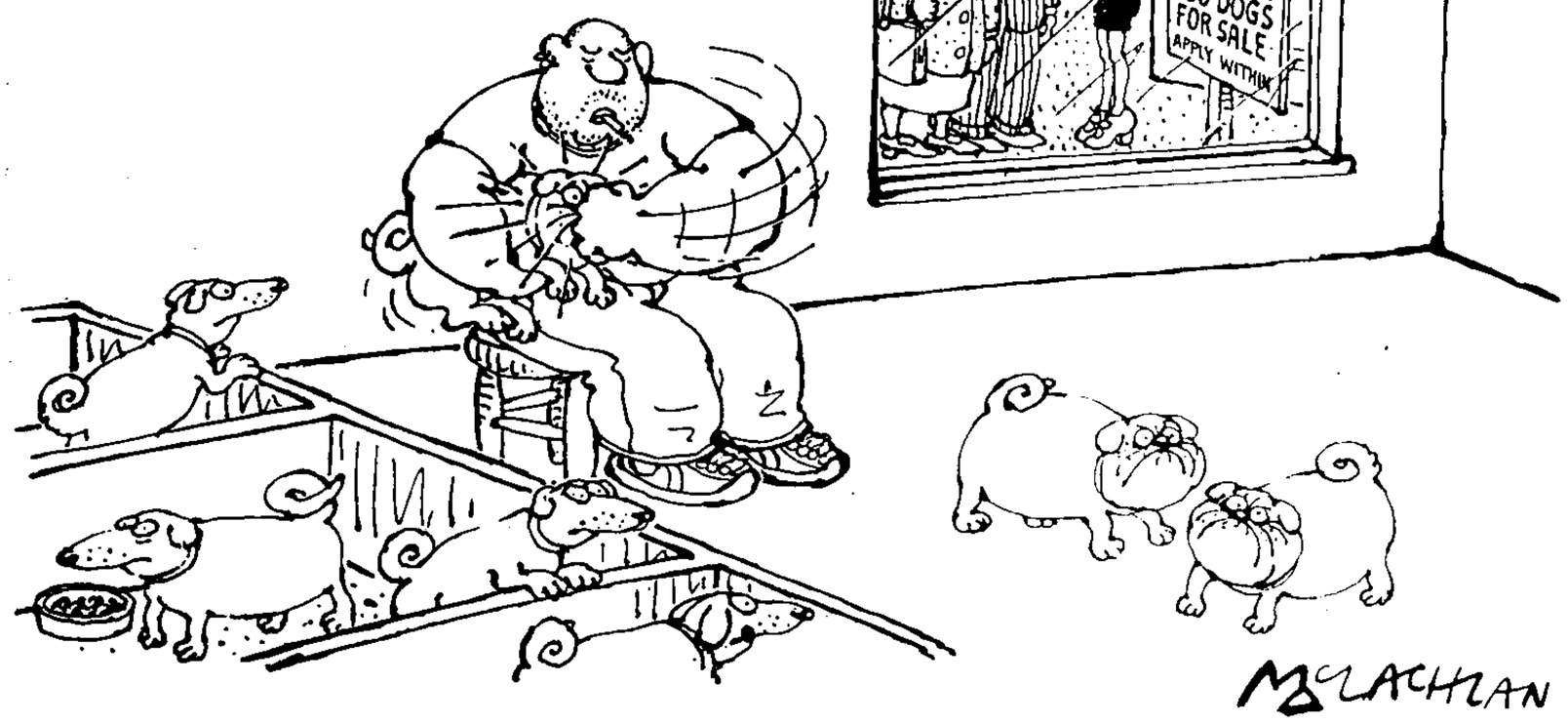
### Eyre on a shoestring

Sir Richard proposes that in future the Royal Opera House should:

**a) continue to stage operas as before.**

**b) try not to lose any money.**

*"My husband's just getting some ready to show you"*




# BOYCOTT ALLOWED BACK SHOCK

by Our Cricket Staff **W.G. Disgrace**

**THERE WAS outrage in the media world last night when the disgraced commentator Rosie Boycott was permitted to start working again.**

Boycott had been accused of beating up the Independent with whom she had a brief and unsuccessful relationship last year. Boycott claimed the paper had suffered a nasty fall, but that it had not been her fault.

### Not Cricket

However, the Daily Express has decided to ignore this shameful episode and has allowed her once again to broadcast her opinions to the nation about the state of the grass and in particular why it should be legalised.

Boycott, a hugely well-paid player in the media, has made hundreds of thousands of pounds from the game and *(continued p. 94)*

Apparently... BY MIKE BARFIELD
THE RIDICULOUSLY EXPENSIVE HOME COUNTIES
BIG BUCKS NEEDED HERE, I'M AFRAID.
OUCH, THAT HOUSE PRICE HERTS!
FACE IT, ESSEX IS ALL THAT YOU CAN REALLY AFFORD, MATE.
GREATER LONDON PRICES DAILY!
ONLY BERKS YOU WILL PAY THIS MUCH.
WILL BE SURREY YOU EVEN ASKED.
YOU KENT LIVE HERE, YOU'RE FAR TOO POOR!

Actress Joanna Lumley, a passionate campaigner for animals like Linda, read Death Is Nothing At All, by Henry Scott Holland.

*Liverpool Daily Post*

**SIAMESE** kitchens, inoculated, excellent pedigree.

*Clevedon Mercury*

**MOTORCYCLE** Couriers self employed owner riders required for express parts delivery operation in Wembley. £3 per drop, 50 drops a day possible if you are god.

*Motor Cycle News*

# TODAY IN THE NORTHERN IRELAND ASSEMBLY

## Haghnsoaird

**The House was searched at 3pm by the Traditional Procession of Sniffer Dogs and Police In Full Riot Regalia**

**The Loud Speaker** *(Lord Manwithbeard)*: Disorder, disorder! I call upon the First Minister, Mr David Trimble.

**D. Thimble** (Portaloo South, Official Ulster Unionist): This is a historic day for the people of Ulster. The days of division and dispute are at last behind us.

*(Uproar in Chamber)*

**Rev. Dr. Ian Palsy** (Anthill Central, Unofficial Democratic Paisleyite Unionist Voice of God Party): No, it is not, Mostah Tromball. You have betrayed and sold out the people of Ulster to the Devil Incarnate, Mostah Blair and his agent the Pope.

*(Cries of "sit down")*

**Palsy**: No, I will never sit down with terrorists and murderers.

*(Sits down next to Mr McKillyKilly [formerly Brigade Chief of the Queen's Own Loyalist Paramilitaries, now Assemblyman for Dunbombin as leader of Loyalist Terrorists for Peace Party])*

**Mr Gerald Madmans** (Semtex West, Original Sinn Fein): As the only person here who genuinely wants a peaceful and meaningful dialogue, I am now going to speak in Gaelic just to really annoy you all. *(Reads haltingly from book entitled "Bluffers Guide To Gaelic")* Hondootedlaigh Mostah Tromball First Minister sinead o'connor seamus heaney a long way to Tipperary Mostah Blair brendan behan sean o'casey guinness is good for you kerrygold thanks to President Clinton some rough beast slouching towards Bethlehem to be born.

*(Cheers and volley of shots from Sinn Fein Assemblymen)*

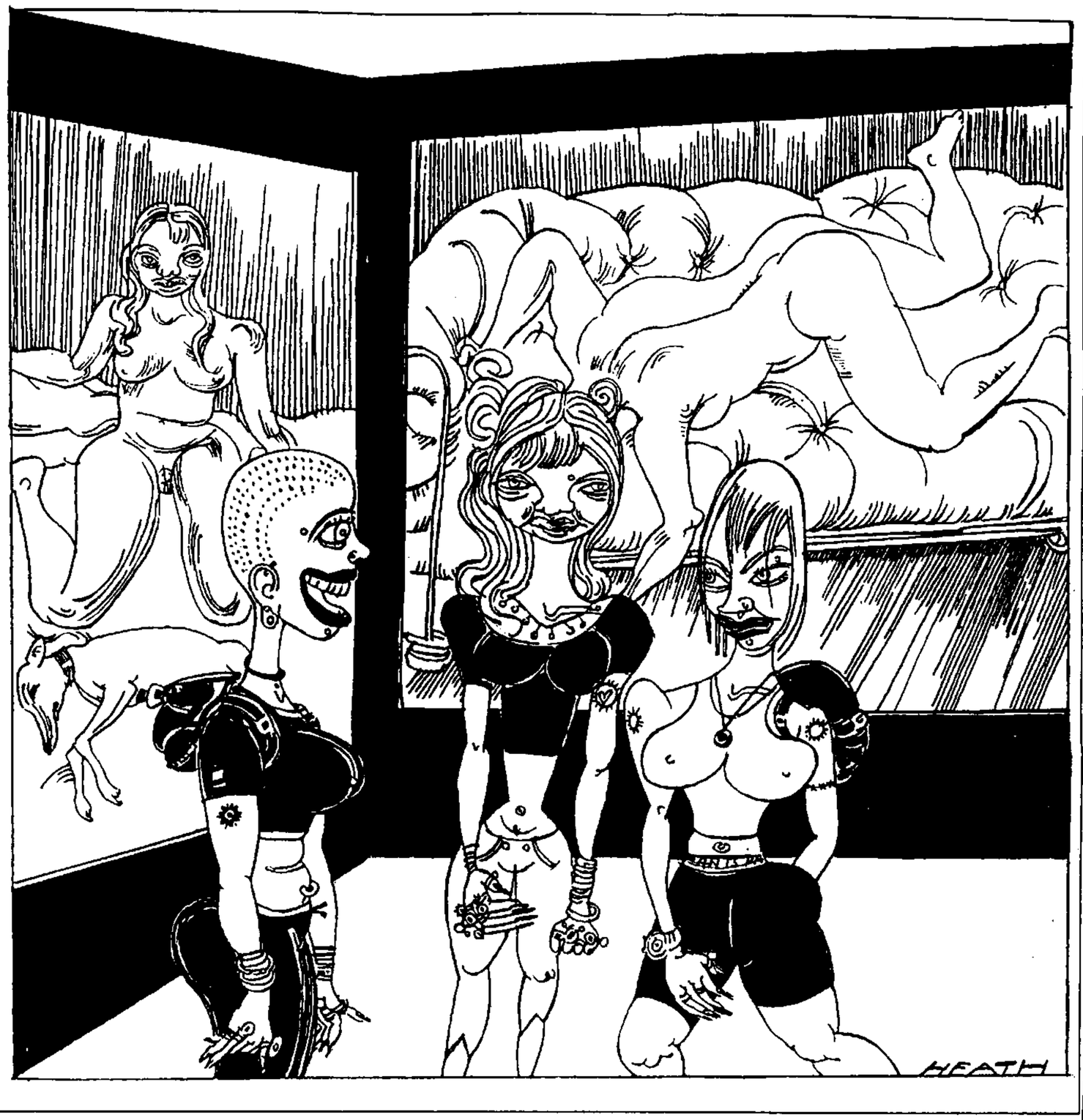
**Mr John Humourless** *(Derry important, Official Moderate Nationalist Liberal Social Democrat)*: May I congratulate myself on playing the central part in bringing about this extraordinary day of peace and reconciliation.

*(Uproar as Orangemen demand right to parade through middle of Assembly. 200 elderly apprentice boys in bowler hats march into room with drums and pennywhistles singing "Oranjeboom Oranjeboom")*

*"The weather's so unpredictable you never know what to wear!"*

Harry Enfield's **Bores** Drawn by **Michael Heath** **No. 40 Girlz Girlzzz Girlzzzzzzz...**

"You look 'mazing really do so brown how was France yah Punty & I are going to stay with Jonty & Perculia at their place on the Cap their little girls Delila & Jellica are so cute I love kids I must get some one day we're all going to 'copter to the cup final I love football I told Lucien he should paint Ronaldo are you going to Vivienne's show I saw Zaza last week she looks 'mazing she's been away did you know Jenty's out of rehab I saw her last week at Richard & Ruthie's she looks 'mazing really does she's completely off everything mind you she's started smoking again but only temporarily I mean if you're looking for a house under four million in that area I mean forget it I told Gordon if he doesn't cut stamp duty I'm never speaking to him again isn't Beckham yummy Punty shot a film for Cornflakes with him in Italy last year he said he's a really nice guy did you know Titus has walked out on Rasberra I'm trying not to take sides it's important to be there for everybody poor Titus's been really depressed since his film fell through he'd been working on it since he came out of rehab it's about a guy who takes lots of coke & goes to re-hab & meets lots of crazy people & gets better it's a really good idea Jessicandra's doing a couple of days filming on *Notting Hill* it's really good for her it's her first part since getting out of rehab..."



# Literary Review

## Sharpe and flat

**Sharpe's Triumph**
Bernard Cornwell
*(HarperCollins, £16.99)*

NEVER mind your mimsy literary novels that clog up space on the books pages: this one chugged straight on to the *Sunday Times* list at number one (admittedly at a time of the year when no one buys books).

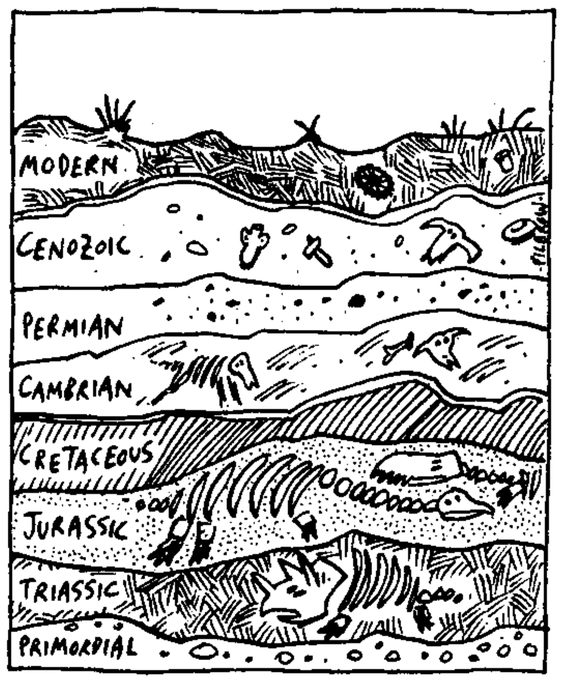
HarperCollins will have printed 20,000, and expects to do five times that in soft cover. What with the TV series — starring hunky Sean Bean, *natch* — and another 14 of the little blighters on the backlist, clearly the exploits of former *Nationwide* producer Bernard Cornwell's red-jacketed hero, painstakingly cutting a swathe through the battlefields of the early nineteenth century, have struck a resonant chord in the middlebrow consciousness.

The historical "shot and shell" genre is elemental, of course. A hundred and seventy years back impressionable adolescents were strolling down to the circulating library for Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*. A bit later mid-Victorian visitors to the United States were surprised to find that the most popular English novelist on the far side of the Atlantic was not Dickens or Thackeray but a lurid historical sensation-monger named G.P.R. James. Well, Bernard Cornwell could give G.P.R. James a run for his money: tight historical canvas (1799-1821), bags of research, blood and guts and obligatory dollops of totty.

*Sharpe's Triumph* fills an early slot in the framework, going back to 1803, India, and the complicated manoeuvrings leading up to the battle of Assaye. Our hero, Sergeant Richard Sharpe, his knapsack stuffed with loot from a previous campaign, is on the trail of an East India Company renegade named Major Dodd, while himself being pursued by a vengeful fellow NCO with the not entirely plausible moniker of Obadiah Hakeswill.

Wellington — at this stage in his career plain Major General Sir Arthur Wellesely — is marshalling his men, and the love interest comes courtesy of the missus of one of Dodd's French officers.

For all the crispness of the fight scenes and much spicy detail of bygone military life, a hulking shadow hangs over Sergeant




**Barbara Cartland make-up layers**

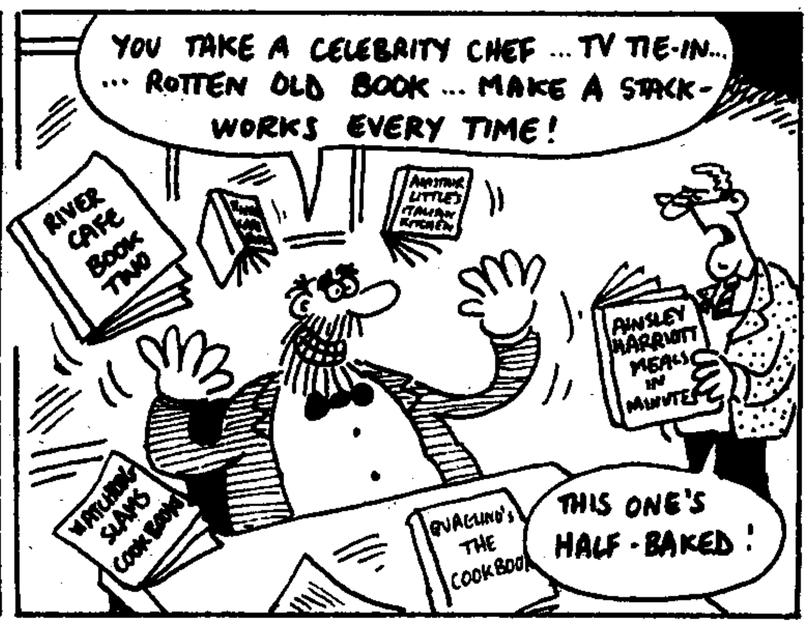
Sharpe and his accomplices — thrown up, inevitably, by George Macdonald Fraser's *Flashman* novels, which are the *ne plus ultra* of this kind of thing. There are several reasons for Sharpe's inferiority to Fraser, but the chief one is that compared to Flashy — a cowardly braggart who always managed to insinuate himself with apparent credit into the heart of the storm — Sharpe is just a lump: passive, unreflective, nearly always caught up in things rather than initiating them.

An anachronistic lump, too, whose dialogue wouldn't look out of place in a TV soap (there's a brilliant, clanging moment when he informs the French totty that "I'm probably half in love with you.") In fact, a desire to convey some of the late twentieth century's ideas about the early nineteenth century back into the early nineteenth century is a feature of *Sharpe's Triumph*, which contains several brisk little exchanges of the "It's a hard life"/"All life's hard when you've got no money" sort.

Eminently respectable precedents for this, of course (Barry Unsworth's Booker-winning *Sacred Hunger* of 1992, set in the eighteenth century, featured some snappy exchanges about free-market economics). Elsewhere, establishing detail gets wheeled in with the subtlety of one of the Maharajah's elephants ("He'll be lucky to escape from Ahmednuggar!" exclaims Colonel McCandless. "Why has he stayed there?") while the celebrity appearance line is oddly muted. Wellington, for example, is simply a beaky aristocrat murmuring "Obliged to you Sharpe" when the latter succeeds in bleeding his horse.

As I say, though, Cornwell knows his historical onions, piles on the plasma and can work up an atmosphere with the best of them (lots of short sentences, *à la* Stevenson). All the same, any real devotee of the genre would happily exchange all 15 of them for the scene in which Flashman (escorted by Wellington, coincidentally enough) is introduced to Queen Victoria or escapes — in evening dress and supported by his half-Indian son — from the battle of the Little Big Horn.

IT'S NONSENSE TO SAY THE RECIPE DOESN'T WORK
AINSLEY HARRIOTT MEALS IN MINUTES
RIVER CAFE'S CHOCOLATE NEMESIS
WATCHDOG SLAMS COOKBOOKS
ALASTAIR LITTLE'S ITALIAN
GUAGLINO'S THE COOKBOOK


YOU TAKE A CELEBRITY CHEF ... TV TIE-IN... ... ROTTEN OLD BOOK ... MAKE A STACK- WORKS EVERY TIME!
RIVER CAFE BOOK TWO
AINSLEY HARRIOTT MEALS IN MINUTES
WATCHDOG SLAMS COOKBOOKS
GUAGLINO'S THE COOKBOOK
THIS ONE'S HALF-BAKED!

## Books & Bookman

DECLINE OF PUBLISHING STANDARDS, PART 94...

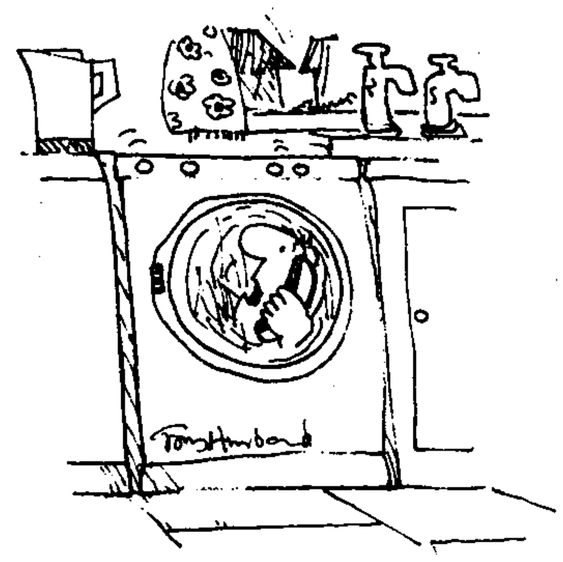
■ Early last year Faber & Faber brought out *Extravagant Strangers*, an immensely respectable anthology of immigrant literature. One slight drawback of the work was that its compiler, Caryl Phillips, hadn't bothered to check the references which accompanied his series of editorial lead-ins.

Bookworm, among others, helpfully pointed out several of these slip-ups over book publication dates, attributions and so on. A year passes and the paperback of *Extravagant Strangers* arrives in the shops... And all the mistakes are still there.

It's an axiom that hardly anybody reads book reviews — but you'd imagine authors and their editors might.

■ THE saintly Stuart Proffitt, a hero after standing up for Hong Kong governor Chris Patten's memoirs in the face of pressure from the Dirty Digger's minions at HarperCollins, has a new job: publishing director at the Penguin Press, "reporting in" to MD Andrew Rosenheim.

This is a job that, some time before the Patten rumpus, Proffitt turned down. He considered it then, as he has considered all the other positions suggested to him recently, not quite grand enough




*...I said I'm in the spin dryer!*

for someone who has held a lofty role at HarperCollins. But spending a few months out of work appears to have encouraged a more pragmatic attitude.

■ *KAY REYNOLDS, managing director of Nightingale Multi-media in Beckenham, Kent, is terribly proud of her bestseller* The 100 Best Companies to Work for in the UK.

*Without dwelling unnecessarily on awkward old-fashioned questions like trade union recognition, the book blabs on interminably about how wonderful it is to work for the 100 companies.*

*In a new, ecstatic circular, Ms Reynolds has good news for all of them. "The Millennium Edition" is coming, and it will be "a quantum step forward — a broader-based team of journalists and analysts have been assembled to build on the research of the latest edition" etc.*

*The companies in the old edition are generously invited to feature in the new one. But wait. There is a catch. Up to now, the companies featured free. If they want to get in the millennium edition they must pay a "research fee of £2,895". A few companies have protested and refused to pay. Marks & Spencer has led the way by stumping up.*

*'Bookworm'*

## LIBRARY NEWS

■ THE last *Eye* reported how the British Library had awarded Labour businessman Gerry Robinson of Granada a £1.3m a year contract to sell sandwiches to its readers. The contract provides another interesting link between Robinson and John Ashworth, the library's non-executive chairman. Ashworth is paid £28,363 a year for this role; but he also picks up £25,000 a year to sit on the board of, er, Granada.

Multi-talented Ashworth, who authorised extraordinary payments to directors of Granada and Sainsbury's, has another job on the advisory board of the pretentious Blairite think tank Demos. It's hard to see how his campaign to charge British Library readers fees, while giving fat cat bosses handouts, fits with Demos' concern for "information have-nots" and the need for "ongoing access to information".

In fairness Demos's manifesto did call for Britain to become cool again by building a "Cafe Society". Ashworth has made the perfect start with his Granada sandwich contract.

# footnotes

# GRANT WITHHELD

**AFTER the exciting riot scenes involving the five suspects for the murder of Stephen Lawrence, the inquiry settled down to a routine day in which a senior police officer convincingly refuted the crucial evidence of two of his colleagues.**

The controversy concerned a man so central to the Stephen Lawrence story that he has not been called to give evidence. He has been known throughout the inquiry by the pseudonym "James Grant". He is a young white skinhead who walked into Eltham police station at about 6pm on Friday 23 April 1993, the day after Stephen was stabbed to death.

Interviewed by Detective Constable Christopher Budgen, he said he could name at least two of Stephen's murderers, James Acourt and David Norris, both of whom, he said, had stabbed Stephen. (The fact that Stephen had been stabbed twice was not then publicly known.)

Grant indicated that his source of information was extremely close to the gang which attacked Stephen, and that he knew of two other sources. One (who became known as Witness B) had been on the top of a bus when he had seen the men — two of whom he could identify — running away from the scene of the murder. The other — Witness K — visited the Acourts' home soon after the murder and saw the boys changing their clothes and wiping a knife.

*THE NICE GUYS: David Norris, left, and Jamie Acourt, right.*

Not surprisingly DC Budgen was very excited by this information. He asked Grant to wait while he rushed upstairs to tell his superior officer, Det Insp Bullock. Mr Bullock told Budgen to put the information into the system. Asked to explain this rather casual approach, Budgen gave the inquiry an interesting glimpse into the strange ways of Scotland Yard detectives. "I felt," he said, "that Mr Bullock did not like me and therefore would not have taken a lot of interest in what I had to say." The constable went downstairs again, told Grant to keep in touch and sent him on his way.

The following day a new officer — Det Sgt John Davidson, who had 25 years' experience — was brought in to take charge of the informant Grant. (DC Budgen was taken off the inquiry a week later.) Davidson had a number of meetings with Grant in which more and more vital information about the suspects was disclosed. All the information about these meetings has gone missing.

Mr Davidson told the inquiry that he had written it all down on a "docket". He went on: "I believe the docket went missing, sir. I know it went missing because I know the docket was in my hand. I don't know where it went."

Q: You say that all the dockets written by you in each of the meetings, and there are quite a number of them, half a dozen meetings or more, have been isolated?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: And not a single docket has come to light, and you say that is not your responsibility, you handed them in?

A: Yes, sir.

Mr Davidson went on to say that he had seen Witness B, the man on the bus, and had dismissed him as a "Walter Mitty"; and that he could not remember whether he even spoke to Witness K, the man who visited the Acourts' house on the evening of the murder. He also insisted, as did DC Budgen, that James Grant had not named his source.

This was refuted by Grant himself when he spoke to Kent police who were investigating the police handling of the original murder inquiry. Grant insisted to the Kent officers that he *had* given police the name of his source — who was never interviewed. Michael Mansfield, the Lawrences' barrister, suggested: "you really did not want this informant's material to be followed up". Davidson replied: "I don't like your suggestion, sir."

Without the contemporary documents it is hard to decide who is right. So what did happen to those "dockets"?

Davidson and Budgen both insisted that on 27 April 1993 — five days after the murder — they had gone to Greenwich police station to "register" James Grant as an informant. Once a police informant is registered, no one can interview him without the permission of the informant's controller — a very senior officer; and everything the informant says is widely circulated to senior officers throughout the division. Until last week, on Thursday 2 July, no one doubted that Grant had indeed been registered.

The main evidence on that day came from Det Chief Inspector Les Owen, who at the time of the murder was the controller of informants at Greenwich police station. Davidson and Budgen had testified that they had registered Grant with Mr Owen. Davidson said he saw Owen personally — Budgen that he had left the vital docket on Owen's desk. Quietly but firmly Mr Owen totally rejected the two officers' evidence. Grant, he said, had not been registered with him, and could not have been without inevitable consequences which never happened. To his certain knowledge, Mr Owen insisted, he had never met either officer. No docket had been left on his desk. He agreed at once with Mansfield's suggestion that the two officers' story was "completely wrong". When Mansfield suggested that the officers had pretended they had registered Grant as a "smokescreen" to cover up his information, Mr Owen could not comment.

If Grant was not registered as an informant, the entire edifice of the official police explanation as to how such vital information was dealt with so disastrously falls apart. The matter should be resolved. But the inquiry team has broken off for two weeks. The idea that the glaring contradiction between the evidence of Sgt Davidson and that of DCI Owen should be sorted out by further investigation — or by calling "James Grant", who has indicated that he is quite happy to give evidence — does not seem to have occurred to them.

# MASTER BATES

**NO ONE supports the government's proposals for private finance initiatives (PFIs) more enthusiastically that Malcolm Bates, 63.**

When he was deputy managing director of GEC, Mr Bates joined the Tory government's "energy deregulation task force" (1993-94) and its "private finance panel" (1993-96). The panel proposed pumping private capital into public enterprises like the health service.

*BATES: Arise Sir Malcolm*

As soon as the new Labour government was elected it set up an advisory committee on PFI. Its chairman was Malcolm Bates. Naturally, he proposed that the private finance initiative in which he had played such a part under the Tories should be continued under "new" Labour. At once, the government launched a series of new PFI hospital projects. Building firms and banks develop the highly profitable old hospital sites. They then build new hospitals elsewhere, which they lease at a profit to the NHS.

The biggest such scheme is in Edinburgh where four plum sites now occupied by NHS hospitals in the Royal Infirmary are to be developed by a private consortium, headed by the big cable and construction firm BICC. Soon after the project was launched, a new director joined the board of BICC: Malcolm Bates.

The government has been quick to show its appreciation. Malcolm Bates was knighted in the Queen's birthday honours last month.

# New Labour Plugs the BAP

**LEFTWINGERS in the British Labour party have always irritated the United States government and its intelligence services. In the 1960s the CIA and associated agencies set up a series of front organisations (the Ariel Foundation, the Foundation for International Student Co-operation, the Congress for Cultural Freedom, etc) one of whose specific purposes was to promote "sensible" elements in British Labour.**

These organisations were exposed as CIA fronts in the 1960s and 1970s, and evaporated; but several similar organisations have since emerged with the same objective. One of the most influential is the British American Project, founded in 1984 after President Ronald Reagan had expressed his dismay at the rising tide of protest against American bases in Britain.

The project hosts two conferences a year, one in Britain and one in the US. A selection of "exceptional young leaders" on both sides of the Atlantic are tested for intelligence and commitment over lunch at Chatham House. If they pass, they are invited to four days' "exhilarating discussion" in sumptuous surroundings, all expenses paid.

Most of the British delegates to the Peebles Hydro conference of the BAP last November were businessmen, publishers or financial journalists with the odd policeman thrown in. There was only one politician: the very new Labour MP for Wentworth, former TUC full-timer John Healey.

An analysis of the politicians invited over the last 14 years shows a heavy bias towards

Footnotes continues

Labour — very few Tories have even made it to the shortlist. A founder member of the BAP is George Robertson, now defence secretary. Almost every year since 1985 a new Labour name has been added to BAP's roll of honour: in 1985, Trevor Phillips; in 1986, Chris Smith; in 1987, Peter Mandelson; in 1988, Mo Mowlam; in 1990, Liz Symons; in 1996, Geoff Mulgan, now head of special projects in the prime minister's policy unit. The 1997 general election result was described by the British American Project bulletin as "a Big Swing to the BAP".

Important names are now being canvassed for this year's BAP freebie in New Orleans. Exciting young hopefuls should apply to Lesley Smith, a former press officer for the Labour party...

# HERRING GUTTED

**■ COMPLAINING about a late night noise and not being a freemason have cost a distinguished police officer his job, his health and his self-respect.**

Nearly five years ago, in September 1993, Mr Raymond Herring and his wife had the gall to complain late at night about the tremendous noise emerging from the summer ball at the Blundellsands tennis club across the road from their Crosby home.

Mr Herring was told to mind his own business by a manager of the club and husband of its president, Mr Michael Smerdon. As the Herrings left, they were confronted by a gang of drunks from the club, one of whom pushed Mrs Herring to the ground.

Mr Smerdon then discovered that Mr Herring was a sergeant in the Merseyside police. He put in a formal complaint which was most ruthlessly pursued. In June 1995, Sgt Herring, who had served with two commendations for 20 years, was found guilty of discreditable behaviour and sacked. A home office panel headed by a retired judge unanimously upheld his appeal against his sacking. The Chief Constable of Merseyside Sir James Sharples appealed to the Home Secretary, Michael Howard, who overturned the panel decision. Mr Herring was out. His health deteriorated. He was refused a police pension and scraped a living on incapacity benefit.

In September 1996, the tennis club held another summer ball and the noise was typically intolerable. Once again Mr Herring, this time armed with a tape recorder, crossed the road to complain to Mr Smerdon. Smerdon replied by asking Herring if he was a freemason, which he isn't. Smerdon then announced that he knew plenty of police officers who were freemasons and who might help to sort this out. Two police officers duly arrived at the scene, upon which Smerdon accused Herring of spitting at him, which he hadn't. Herring was hauled off to Crosby police station and charged with causing a breach of the peace.

When the case came up in front of Sefton magistrates on 14 February this year, Mr Smerdon and the two police officers, a Sgt Foulkes and a WPC Martin, gave evidence of Mr Herring's unruly behaviour. Mr Herring then revealed that he had a tape recording. Mr Smerdon was ordered by the court clerk not to tell other witnesses about the tape, but he rushed into the lobby shouting hysterically: "He's taped the whole bloody incident." Inside the court, the tape quickly proved that the account given by Smerdon and the police officers was the exact opposite of the truth.

In particular Mr Smerdon insisted that he had throughout remained "exceptionally calm" and "never swore" — a claim which conflicted with his yelling on tape "Bog off, prat features, piss off!" and making weird birdie noises. The case collapsed, and Mr Smerdon was fined £100 for contempt of court. A senior officer from Lancashire police is now investigating the behaviour of the police officers.

*WELL-INFORMED: Claire Curtis-Thomas MP*

The treatment of Raymond Herring has outraged many of his former colleagues in Merseyside police. When Mr Herring's MP, Claire Curtis-Thomas, raised the case in the Commons on 10 June she had at her disposal a surprising amount of confidential information. If Herring's sacking had been reasonable, she asked, "will the home secretary explain why Inspector Andrew Lathom, who was convicted of assault, was merely reduced in rank? Why was Constable Robert Dunne allowed to retire on medical grounds, having been accused of indecency, only to repeat the offence in retirement and later to be convicted? Why was Constable Neil Thompson, who was suspended from duty for fabricating a statement of arrest, later reinstated?... Why was Constable Michael Meadows who was arrested for twice crashing his motor car while drunk and leaving the scene only reprimanded?"

Mr Alun Michael, home office minister, had no answers to any of these questions. He vigorously defended the chief constable and Michael Howard, criticised Herring for not handing over his tape to the people he was accusing (he has given it instead to the investigating officer from Lancashire) and even managed the wholly false smear that Herring and his late wife had separated.

Mr Michael is a rising star in the "new" Labour firmament and is tipped for early promotion.

# High Principals

## NOT SO CLEVER TREVOR

**■ BARON (Trevor) Smith, Liberal Democrat boffin and vice-chancellor of the University of Ulster, is frightfully proud that five out of five of his new professors are women.**

"I am pleased to say," he trumpeted in a recent press release, "that the appointments help to address the national gender imbalance in the senior levels of higher education, endorsing our commitment to equality of opportunity for all."

The university authorities have come a long way in the last year. Only last August they lost a nasty case at an industrial tribunal. Mrs Jennifer Fryers alleged she had not been shortlisted for the post of human relations director because she was a woman.

Stuff and nonsense, said the university, which was eloquently represented at the tribunal by the newly-ennobled Lord Smith. The tribunal agreed with Mrs Fryers and awarded her £33,000 damages for sex discrimination. And how did its members describe vice-chancellor Smith's evidence? "Far-fetched and embellishing."

**■ RICHARD EVANS, principal of Cricklade College, Andover, together with the clerk to the governors and a former director of finance, are suspended while police investigate a college contract with a South Wales information technology (IT) company.**

The company, Extras Ltd, provided IT training for a group of students at the college, and charged accordingly. *Whoops!* A European social fund audit wondered why four other colleges were paying for the same group of students to be trained. At the same time an inspection report by the further education funding council (FEFC) revealed that while the teaching at the college was fine, the management was dreadful.

**■ DISGRACEFUL scenes of riotous celebration were reported from the corridors of Bedford College on July 3rd when news came through that the contract of chief executive Richard Gorringe has not been renewed.**

Mr Gorringe was nominated in this column's Sacker of the Year Award in September last year. Lecturer Jim Fogarty was suspended when he publicised his doubts about a controversial college building contract. Fogarty's crime? "Passing bad news to a newspaper."

# Kurds and way out of order

*SHERI LAIZER*

**IF you've got a grant from the national lottery charities board, watch out in case they take it away again.**

On 20 November last year the Kurdish Community Centre in north London was raided by a large squad from the Metropolitan police special branch. Claiming that they were investigating alleged terrorism, the officers seized lists of members, case-work histories, computer discs and five computers, only one of which has been returned (badly damaged).

No one has been arrested or even interviewed. The Kurdish Community Centre is a highly-respected charity. Its main activity is giving advice and teaching English to Kurdish asylum-seekers in Britain, most of whom have fled here from Turkey where Kurdish organisations are ruthlessly suppressed. Some 8,000 Kurds have made use of the centre.

In September last year, two months before the police raid, the centre was awarded a grant of £120,000 over three years from the charities board. The grant was for teaching English and computer studies, which are the main work of the centre. The police were quick to sneak to the charities board about the raid. The board responded by freezing the grant, most of which had not been paid.

A board spokesman told the *Eye*: "The board has a responsibility to suspend grant payments until such time as the issues under investigation by the police are resolved." Asked if any independent inquiry had been made to find out if there is anything wrong at the centre, the spokesman said: "While the police investigation continues, it would be inappropriate for the board to conduct its own investigation or comment any further."

Sheri Laizer, the centre's coordinator, says: "We have had to stand down two of our three teachers and the whole programme will have to stop soon unless we get the money we were promised."

*You can write to Paul Foot at Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183*

# In the City

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ORGAN GRENFELL's former star fund manger Peter Young could soon be having his day rt. But not to face charges from the snail-like s Farce Office over the £400m he cost his yers through his penchant for secret gambling h risk, hi-tech investments through letter box nies in Luxembourg.

stead, he will be seeking to prevent disclosure predilection for being photographed, not ed in his City suit, with ladies, young or old, in on. At issue are various Polaroid photographs ung and what happened at an address in cester Place with someone called "Sandra" and rson called Tracy" together with Sandra's story.

Way back in September 1996, three weeks after omb went off inside Morgan Grenfell, Young ined injunctions against Sandra and the doch-owned News Group Newspapers (aka the *s of the Screws* and *Sun*) from revealing all ut the fun and games in Gloucester Place over eral months in 1995. Sandra had presumably ognised her bespectacled client from the pictures t flooded the newspapers — and not just the City es — after he was suspended.

A high court trial to decide whether that decision s correct is expected to take place before the end the month. And Young, or the guardian *ad litem* o represents his interests in legal proceedings ce his lawyers and doctors declared him mentally competent, will presumably be there to argue his se.

Whether Sandra or "Tracy" will be there is less rtain. Sandra is believed to have agreed not to sist the injunction some time ago. Strangely Tracy" was not the subject of any injunction. This ncouraged speculation that perhaps "Tracy" and oung may be one and the same. The truth of such umours may well be resolved in court.

Ever since the injunctions were granted in rivate lawyers have been puzzled how Young's awyers Peters & Peters obtained them from Mr ustice Rimer. Arguments for privacy seemed somewhat thin given that similar tales about far more eminent figures than Young told by Sandra and her sisters have featured for years in the tabloids.

Then there was copyright given that the pictures of the fun manager at play were taken on his Polaroid camera no doubt with film he provided. But even though that argument had possibilities it seemed hard to justify. That left the question of confidence. Did providers of relief for executive stress owe a duty of confidentiality to those whose cruel or just unusual needs they serviced? This had never worked in the past but seemed perhaps the best explanation for why the tale of Sandra and "Tracy" was considered unfit for a prurient public.

It is the reasons for the Rimer ruling which will be debated in the high court. According to legal sources with knowledge of the case, "Polaroid" intends to make an unusual plea to justify why the pictures and Sandra's story should not be published. His argument is said to be that he is owed a duty of confidence by Sandra. Furthermore, the nature of his behaviour at the end of the 90s is perfectly normal for City suits with wives and children in suburbia. As a result, he hopes the expected Murdoch defence — that there is no duty of confidence and what is being exposed is iniquitous — will fail. For years, exposure of an iniquity has been used by newspapers to overrule claims for confidentiality and also copyright and privacy. City men behaving badly with their private compliance officers is acceptable, it seems, but not aberrant!

Whether that was the argument which won the injunction is unclear. No doubt the judge was persuaded that there was no public interest in invading the privacy of a prominent City figure with a young family just to titillate tabloid readers with photographs of a fund manager having fun. Especially if the suspected identity of "Tracy" proves correct.

But that was before the SFO raided Young's home, before various items of female underwear were discovered in his garage and before the full extent of his duplicity and the extent to which he had and would have benefited become known.

It was also before Young's behaviour — which apparently included hoarding gherkins and sitting silently in the dark — resulted in his lawyers persuading another high court judge that he was too mentally ill or confused to be able to represent himself in the civil proceedings brought against him. What role "Tracy" may have played in these private proceedings remains untold.

News Group would appear keen to overturn the Young injunction both on the principle and because it will make a good read. The only question is whether they may want to risk an adverse ruling which would prevent similar "sell and tell" stories in the future from other Sandras.

Thanks to the time taken by the SFO to investigate Young's activities,, the Polaroid ruling may come shortly before a decision is taken whether to prosecute the errant fund manager. The SFO is engaged in a final round of interviews with those closely linked to Young both inside and outside Morgan Grenfell. A decision is expected soon, perhaps next month.

Detectives have spent months listening to hours of internal tape recorded calls involving Young and his purchases of speculative Scandinavian and US stocks. They have also been helped by evidence from Zurich lawyers Juerg Wyler and Marco Wolff, who set up the letter box companies through which Young benefited and arranged to benefit even more.

The expectation is that the SFO may decide to charge Young together with a small number of others drawn from within Morgan Grenfell and the brokers he used to buy the stocks. The question of Young's mental state is likely to be left for the court to decide whether he is fit to stand trial rather than simply accept his non-availability on medical grounds only to then see him make a Saunders-style miracle recovery. The alternatives — doing nothing or charging others who successfully run the "missing man" defence as with Maxwell — is not seen as attractive for what is arguably the SFO's potentially highest profile case.

**THE tribulations of the minister for tax avoidance Geoffrey Robinson seem never ending. A product often of amnesia regarding his past beneficial close association with that fat fraudster Robert Maxwell, and of his role as a battleground between his patron Gordon Brown and his regular holiday guest Tony Blair.**

**So it is distressing to report that in addition to the Inland Revenue and the Belgian tax authorities Robinson is also of interest to the taxman in France.**

**The reason for this new interest would appear once again to be part of the Bourgeois inheritance — the fortune left to Robinson by his longtime Belgian friend and tax exile, Joska Bourgeois, whose business affairs he helped to advise.**

**Robinson is said to have inherited three luxury apartments in Cannes following her death in 1994. He was also one of her executors. Sources in France suggest that the French authorities have decided that Robinson owes up to FF6.5m (£650,000) in tax on the properties. This money is due to be paid this year.**

**No problem for the paymaster-general.**

Acknowledgements to Peter Cook & Barry Fantoni

ROLLS ROYCE is said to be one of those companies most concerned about the financial crisis which has hit the Sultan of Brunei's party loving brother, the high spending Prince Jefri.

Brunei in general and Jefri in particular have been hard hit by the Far East economic crash and the fall in oil prices. It is said the prestige car maker is owed up to £18m for cars already delivered.

The Brunei order book for Rolls and Bentley Java special models at £1m a pop is said to run to up to 700 cars. Mercedes Benz is said to be in a similar position and to have been threatening legal action over the up to £30m it is said to be owed.

What causes great concern to Rolls Royce is that with the tap firmly turned off by the sultan, not only past debts but future orders may be in question. And that could knock a big hole in projected profits shortly after the takeover by Volkswagen.

The sultan is said to have been less than pleased by the worldwide publicity about his brother's extravagance and appetite for call girls provided by the high court trial over Prince Jefri's £180m row with the Manoukian brothers, his former London factotums. Royal displeasure and the tightening cash squeeze may explain the sudden secret settlement of the case in March.

Since then the sultan is said to have made *it clear* he does not intend to bail out his brother. Which may help explain the problems for creditors and the sudden decision to sell off parts of jewellers Asprey, owned by Prince Jefri.

*'Slicker'*

Celeb

LIGGER

HELLO?
PANT PANT I WANT TO KNOW WHAT SORT OF KNICKERS YOU'RE WEARING...
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
TELL ME WHAT SORT OF KNICKERS YOU'RE WEARING...
LISTEN, PAL, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY GOT SOME SORT OF PROBLEM..
I DO HAVE A PROBLEM ACTUALLY...
THIS IS THE PICTURE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR HERE AND WE'RE TRYING TO CAPTION YOUR PHOTO AT THE PREMIERE..
DEBS SHOWS KNICKER
LAY-OUT
OH RIGHT... THEY'RE LEOPARD SKIN ARMANI WITH SEQUINS..

# DIARY

## BARBARA CARTLAND: THE MEN IN MY LIFE

**MAHATMA GANDHI**: I was introduced to Mr Gandhi at a party of Diana Cooper's.

I was perfectly frank. I informed him there was nothing very clever about parading around in a loin cloth drinking one's own urine and generally acting the giddy-goat.

As a result, he fell head over heels in love with me.

Men love to be told the truth, even when painful.

**BENJAMIN DISRAELI**: I have never been attracted to men with facial hair. Which is not to say that they have not been attracted to me!

Quite the opposite! Before my marriage, I received proposals from over 29 men with moustaches, 17 of them sporting beards as well.

The gifted novelist Anthony Trollope once asked me to marry him, and so too did the famous Benjamin Disraeli, just one of 8 Prime Ministers who have fallen head-over-heels in love with me.

The famous scientist Charles Darwin, the highly respected composer Johannes Brahms and the tireless philanthropist Father Christmas all begged me to accept their hands in marriage.

But I thought they could all do with a jolly good shave.

So under a star-filled sky, with the moon as bright as can be, I waved them goodbye to the distant music of Cole Porter.

**KARL MARX**: But Karl struck me as different. We met in the Embassy Club.

Everyone else was dancing the cha-cha, but Karl was buried in a book.

Like many Germans, he was a bookworm, and awkward with women.

"Don't tell me!" I said, interrupting his reading, "You're going to ask me to marry you!"

He looked up and introduced himself. I could tell — don't ask me how, but we women can — that with just one glance he was already head-over-heels in love with me.

He told me he was working on a book called Das Kapital. I was perfectly frank. "No one will want to read a book with a dreary title like that," I said. "And tell me, Karl, how does it finish?"

He told me it finished with the workers owning the means of production. I knew then that he was making a most ghastly mistake.

"It must have a happy ending, Karl. The man in uniform must kiss the gorgeous young beauty, and ask for her hand in marriage. I will write it for you!"

Call it instinct if you will but I knew Karl thought it a brilliant idea. But when the book came out, I found to my horror that the publishers had omitted that final chapter of mine.

The book consequently enjoyed only limited sales.

I was dreadfully disappointed for Karl. I am told that he is very out of fashion these days.

Whereas my own books are still read by thousands of millions of people the world over.

**CAPTAIN HOOK**: Others may have found him tiresome, but Captain Hook was always frightfully sweet to me.

It was a moonlit night. A piano was gently tinkling somewhere far away.

"You are so very lovely, my dear," he said, "And I do so want to place my arm around you."

With that, he placed his right arm around my shoulder. Alas, his prominent hook, never his strong point, caught the strap of my brassiere and then with a resounding snap unloosed my ballgown.

I stood naked on the dancefloor.

Among the assembled onlookers were the Governor of the Bank of England, Lord Beaver-brook, the Duke of Devonshire and the Admiral of the Fleet, all of them interesting people.

Before the tune had drawn to an end, all four of them had requested my hand in marriage.

I never saw Hook again, but I will always remember him as someone rather special.

**SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL**: The 2nd World War was a beastly business. I am often credited by my many admirers with having won it single-handedly.

Certainly, my natural beauty, my charitable works and my gift with a pen did much to pull this country through. But credit should also go to Sir Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister at the time.

Winston was one of the most interesting men who ever met me. When he talked, I simply had to listen. Unless I had something more interesting to say.

He said many memorable things I now forget. But among his words of wisdom were these.

"Barbara," he said, "If it weren't for your matchless beauty and your brilliance with words, your insights, your charity work and your abundance of goodness, the ordinary men and women of Great Britain would not have had the stomach for the fight."

It was a charming thing to say. I might have married him, but he was married already. Divorces can be awfully messy.

**EARL MOUNTBATTEN**: Most people know that Earl Dickie Mountbatten was head-over-heels in love with me, that he was one of my dearest, oldest friends, and that we were planning to write a book together.

But few now remember that he was also the Supreme Allied Commander of the South East Asia Command and the last Viceroy of India.

He was a brilliant inventor. He invented the bow-tie, the motor-car, the Catherine Wheel, the jet-engine, the escalator, the telephone and the soda-siphon.

Always dashing, Dickie once took me for a ride in a motor-car he had just invented. Whereas other motor-cars sped along dangerously, Dickie's remained in one place for hours on end. Brilliant Dickie!

Dickie would often drop by to try on some of my gorgeous dresses and fabulous ballgowns. But he gave me a few jealous looks when I appeared in the marvellous pink outfit with satin bows he had earmarked for himself.

Needless to say, I stole the show.

# SUPERMODELS

KERBER

No repeat: Softly softly approach abandoned

**Police to stamp on soccer thugs**

*Luton on Sunday*

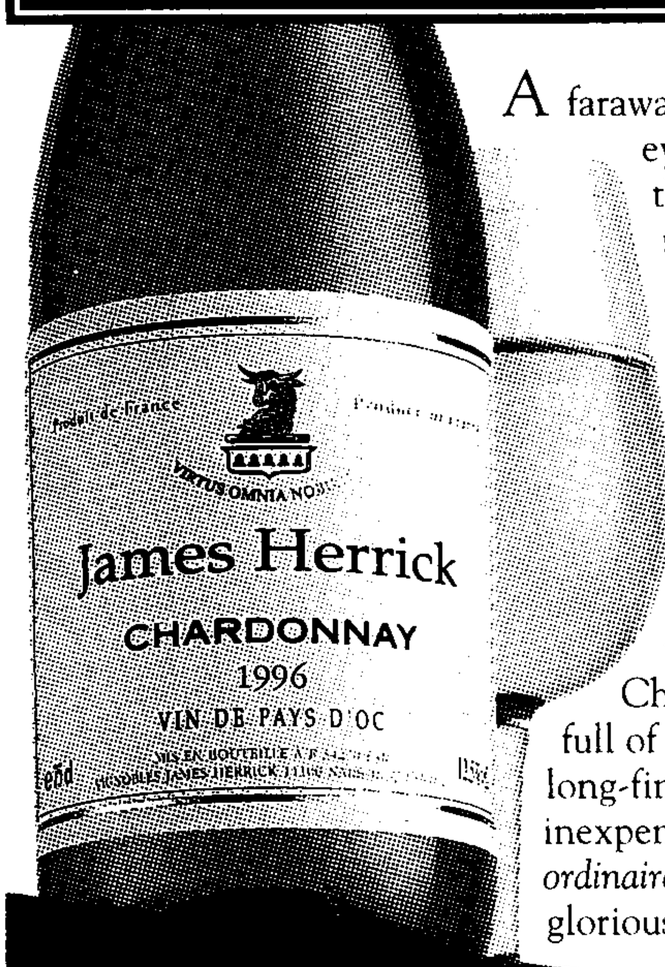
**Bristol Grammer School**
Required immediately at this leading independent co-educational day school
**HEADMASTER'S SECRETARY**

*Advertisement*

"If you are going grey being blond definitely makes a man feel younger and more virulent."

*Newcastle Journal*

# If you like the sound of the South of France you'll love the taste.




A faraway look comes into people's eyes when mention is made of the South of France. For most, it is the capital of *chic*: a sun-kissed playground of exotic resorts and spectacular scenery studded with ancient vineyards - among them, *La Motte*, *La Boulandière* and *Les Garrigues de Truilhas*, where James Herrick makes the definitive *Midi* Chardonnay. Rich, stylish and full of taste; fresh, yet fruity and long-finishing. And amazingly inexpensive. Why settle for *vin ordinaire* when you can afford the glorious South?

James Herrick
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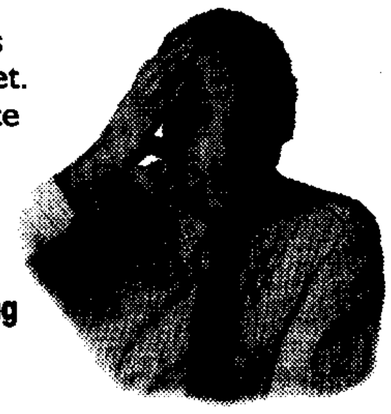

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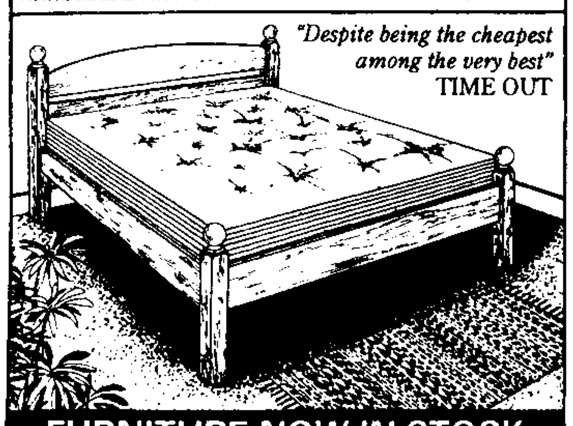

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**SINGLES PARTIES** – Saturdays. PARTYZONE. S.a.e. Box 24405, London W5 5ZE. 0181 930 5296.

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**ADDITIONS** – nationwide newsletter – Attached? Yet need a friend? – 0181 905 3304, 0181 958 9657 – total discretion assured. Featured on ITV, American TV, BBC, Radios 4/5. Established 1992.

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## EYE LOVE

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**TURKISH DELIGHT** — Ezra, 60 this year, buxom ex-belly dancer, still with the door ajar and a good twang in her garters WLTM ageing man of property for a bit of midnight express and eastern promise. Box 0954.

**GRADUATE AFFLUENT** and unattached, desires frisky female (30-50), for summer fling. Soulmate, lover thereafter. Greater Manchester. Box 1054.

**MARRIED MALE**, 38, intellect, humour and warmth going to waste, desires svelte sensuous, cerebral, eclectic lady, age immaterial, for fun/genuine friendship. East Anglia. Box 1854.

**BOND WINNER** handsome young graduate seeks intelligent, slim, foreign beauty. Box 1154.

**SERIOUSLY SINGLE MEDICAL** academic, likes literature, current affairs, and cycling, 37, N London — WLTM affectionate, dark-haired good'un — view, getting serious. Bad photos welcome. Box 1254.

**ATTRACTIVE SOLICITOR** seeks attractive male aged over 40 for love in permanent relationship. Box 1354.

**BEST FRIEND WITH TITS** unbelievably available to 6ft well-travelled/read/hung single 30 something sexy, sporty stable, soulmate awaits. Box 2354.

**EBULLIENT BLONDE LAWYER** seeks charismatic male aged 45-55 to share fun, friendship and hopefully more. Box 1454.

**ASSERTIVE MALE,** fifty-something, occasionally displays wit and culture, WLTM slightly younger lady for discreet, affectionate fun. Photo and telephone number help. Based London/Essex. Box 1554.

**AMIABLE PROF. MALE, 41** — neither anorak nor commitment phobe yet unattached — seeks 30 something female to be his guest at August wedding (not mine) and thereafter, who knows/lives Hants/W.Sussex. Wedding Purley. Box 1654.

**SENSUAL SCHOLAR,** irredeemably attached, offers erotic encounters/correspondence to warm, imaginative woman. Box 1754.

**EDUCATED, PROFESSIONAL** gent, 40, seeks mature thinking man's crumpet for discreet sensual experiences. West London. Box 1954.

**SUCCESSFUL ATTRACTIVE** businessman, 34, 5'11", athletic build, seeks mature attached lady, size 12+, for fun, friendship, laughter. Discretion assured. Berks/Bucks/Surrey. Box 2054.

**SUCCESSFUL, PROFESSIONAL** male with tall athletic build, dark, curly hair, gsoh and love of life — seeks uninhibited, sexy lady 40-50 for mutual fun. Photograph please, mine by return. NW England/SW Scotland. Box 2154.

**SEMI-RETIRED 51yr** old male, 5'9", medium build, handsome, n/s — likes opera, galleries, seeks n/s female for daytime outings. Age, looks, colour unimportant. Sense of humour a must. London/SE. Box 2254.

**A FAMOUS SAYING GOES:** "All things in moderation". Well, this 25 year old male is moderately attractive, moderately intelligent, moderately humorous, and moderately attached. Seeking similar female (25-40) to indluge in all manner of pleasures (not necessarily, however, in moderation!) Would suit someone seeking attention and cherishing on an occasional evening/weekend basis. Affection assured and expected. Box 2454.

**MATURE, CULTURED SUCKER** seeks woman struggling in B-Cup league accepting physical disability for holistic relationship. Box 2554.

**44 HORSE RACING FEMALE,** 5'8", seeking taller non-smoking man with hair. South Midlands, no stiffs, lawyers football or Tory supporters — for laughs and cuddles. Box 2654.

**ATTACHED, PROFESSIONAL** male, 33, seeks interesting older woman for discreet afternoon meetings. London. Box 2754.

**PROFESSIONAL GUY,** 48, tall, fit, considerate, seeks discreet friendship/fun affair with 35+ female. Anglia. Box 2854.

**ATTRACTIVE, QUIET,** sensual, thoughtful woman, 30, seeks similar unattached man, 30-40 for long-term relationship. Bucks/London. Box 2954.

**TALL, RUBENESQUE** woman, 53, into travel, opera, cooking, seeks male 50+ for friendship/relationship. Midlands, London. Box 3054.

**WANTED: MALE,** 40+, intelligent, witty, successful for lady, ex-air stewardess, 30+. Box 3154.

**VSO GIRLS (20's)** — returning home soon, want male company after joys of "celibate" rural China. Box 3254.

**TALL, AMUSING, ATTRACTIVE,** sensuous, generous and successful Bristol and London man, 40, seeks a naughty younger woman for some discreet fun and games now that Summer has arrived. I love travel, cinema, theatre, restaurants and dinner parties, music, keeping fit, nights on the town and weekends in the country. if you would like a loving fun relationship with some spice please write to me with your telephone number to Box 0952.

**TALL, HANDSOME** successful London man (married, 50) seeks lovely lady friend and lover. Box 3251.

**CARING AND ATTRACTIVE,** separated lady, 41, seeks an affectionate, unpretentious and romantic gentleman friend (45-55) to share life. Interests: reading, walking, classical music. London. Box 1853.

**FLING WANTED** by 40-something attached male, before it's too late. ME uncomplicated, adventurous. YOU interesting, playful. All letters answered. SEast/TValley. Box 2553.

**LOVELY LADY** (42) seeks man for mutually comforting relationship. Must be well read, well spoken, well rich and well tall. Box 3354.

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